

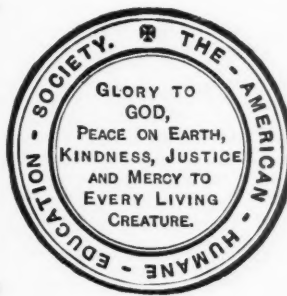
Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 42.

Boston, August, 1909.

No. 3.



Courtesy of Country Life in America.

Years ago oxen were more extensively used on the hill farms of New England than they are today, but for intelligent and active draft service, especially in the haying season, they are still in demand.

HUMANE BUILDING ATTRACTS WIDE ATTENTION.

Proposed Angell Memorial Meets with Favor—Press Enthusiastic—Contributions Received.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

IN LOVING MEMORY OF GEORGE T. ANGELL.

Build a Memorial—well has he earned it,
Blazing the path to a righteousness grand,
Kindness to all as in spirit he learned it,
Spreading this gospel to every land.
Build a Memorial,—not one that's senseless,
Lifting a shaft that is useless in air,
But a Hall for Humanity, where the defenceless
Looking, not vainly, find hope from despair.
Build a Memorial—still carry sunward
Work that an Angell so nobly espoused,
Let the world know that his motto of Onward
Shines like a star in the thoughts he aroused.
Build a Memorial—over its portals
Place a white angel with scroll of release
To the wronged and abused ones; and, with th'
immortals,
Sign, as he would, the golden word PEACE.
Stoneham, Mass. C. FANNIE ALLYN.

(Editorial written by Geo. T. Angell, January, 1895.)

A Building for Our Humane Societies.

We do want, before we get through our labors, to see a building erected which shall stand for our two Humane Societies longer than the "Old South" or any church in Boston has thus far stood—part of it to be used for our offices and the greater part rented to aid our work.

We do not want memorial windows, but we do want memorial panels of marble on its inner walls, containing the names and gifts of those who have given it or in memory of whom it has been given, to tell, for more than two hundred years, in a vastly more useful manner than any cemetery monument, the generosity and humanity of its donors.

Others may differ from us, but, for ourself, we would rather our name should stand on one of its marble panels, to show future generations our interest in the protection of God's dumb creatures, than to stand on the records of Harvard University, the outside of our public library, or even on the inside of Westminster Abbey.

While the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Young Men's Christian Associations and Unions, and a multitude of charitable societies, are erecting buildings all over our land, and our Humane Societies in London, New York, and Chicago have their buildings, is it not time that our American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which are now reaching out with their tens of thousands of Bands of Mercy, and their hundreds of millions of pages of humane literature in various languages, not only over our whole country, but also many others, should have a permanent home bearing some proportion to the greatness of our work?

No better opportunity will ever come for many of our friends to show, in a most permanent and useful form, their gratitude to these dumb servants, companions, and friends, who have served them so faithfully and brought so much happiness into their lives and the lives of those who are dear to them. We shall be glad to see or receive letters from all who are willing to aid.

FROM AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL JOE."

Halifax, N. S., July 8, 1899.

Dear Mr. Richardson:

I was simply delighted to hear about the Angell Memorial Building. No better tribute could be offered to the memory of that dear good man. I went right down town and got an order for the amount enclosed.

I must tell you how pleased I am with the paper. May God bless you and prosper you.

Ever your friend,

MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

RECEIPTS TO DATE.

Samuel E. Sawyer, Gloucester, Mass., bequest with interest, about	\$23,600.00
Mrs. M. S. Cooper, Hyde Park, Mass.	1.00
Miss Helen E. Blake, N. Adams, Mass.	1.00
Friends, New York, N. Y.	450.00
Miss Caroline Phelps Stokes, New York, N. Y.	1,600.00
Mrs. L. M. McKnight, Wichita, Kan.	5.00
Miss Mary I. Parker, Clinton, Mass., bequest with interest	168.74
Mrs. Harriet A. Bigelow, Melrose, Mass.	25.00
Miss Jane F. Dow, Milton, Mass.	20.00
Ellerton James, Boston, Mass.	3.00
Miss Susanna Brinton, Gap, Pa.	100.00
"A friend," S. Framingham, Mass.	2.00
Dwinnell-Wright Co., Boston, Mass.	1.00
Miss M. Louise Jackson, Worcester, Mass.	3.00
Junior Epworth League Band, Maplewood	2.25
Mrs. W. H. Hunter, Somerville, Mass.	5.00
Miss Anna D. Ludlow, Oswego, N. Y.	200.00
Mrs. Adelia A. Cole, Southbridge, Mass.	500.00
Mrs. H. S. Smith, Woburn, Mass.	1.00
H. W. Symmes, Winchester, Mass.	.50
Oliver Smith, Salem, Ohio	102.00
Miss E. Annie Upham, Boston, Mass.	200.00
Hon. Charles A. Barnard, Boston, Mass.	100.00
Mrs. G. W. Copeland, Middleboro, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Bonney, W. Hanover, Mass.	1.00
A friend, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. W. W. Warren, Boston, Mass.	2,000.00
Schools of N. Conway, N. H.	2.00
Miss Melicent Jarvis, Brookline, Mass.	5.00
Miss Ellen Channing, Milton, Mass.	5.00
H. O. Underwood, Boston, Mass.	100.00
Miss Marshall Saunders, Halifax, N. S.	5.00
Miss Ellen F. Moseley, Boston, Mass.	100.00
Mrs. Sidney Clementson, Milton, Mass.	100.00
E. W. Burdett, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Cleveland H. Hicks, Washington, D. C.	5.00
Miss C. Fannie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.	.50
Miss C. Stakke, Minneapolis, Minn.	1.00
James D. Bailey, San Francisco, Calif.	1.00
A friend, Rochester, N. Y.	3.00
John Townsend Trowbridge, Arlington, Mass.	20.00
Total	\$29,468.99

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

From the Boston Daily Press.

Boston will not fail to erect that Humane building in memory of George T. Angell.—*Herald*.

Mr. Angell's memory deserves a worthy memorial, and he would choose that it be something useful as well as ornamental. The plan should find favor.—*Advertiser*.

If all whom he led to kinder ways and words should contribute, the memorial to George T. Angell would be one of the wonders and glories of the world.—*Journal*.

The idea will be generally approved, and the \$29,000 now in the committee's hands doubtless will be largely increased by contributions from the public.—*Globe*.

The scheme is meeting with widespread approval. Mr. Angell's work was not local: it was international, and contributions will come not alone from this country but from distant lands as well.—*Post*.

If ever man met with the requirements of recognition "that he should make two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," George T. Angell fulfilled those conditions. His humane work for dumb animals was almost an invention of his own and it has doubtless been as necessary in the real advance of true civilization as any of the other great inventions. Let us have here an active, modern engine advancing the purposes of one of the most noble of our local charities.—*Transcript*.

From Massachusetts Editors.

He deserves such a memorial if anybody does.—*Gloucester Times*.

The movement is one that should receive substantial endorsement.—*Lawrence Tribune*.

It will be a fitting honor to the memory and achievements of a noble man.—*Athol Transcript*.

Speed the memorial to the late George T. Angell and make it practical, such as he would have it.—*Newburyport News*.

The proposition is worthy of the founder of the Societies. World-wide interest in the subject is assured.—*Newton Circuit*.

The friends of the late George T. Angell are going to speak for the dumb animals and erect a memorial to him who was their best friend.—*Cambridge Times*.

The details of the building plan are such that all humanitarians may share in the love's labor. It is such a memorial as most would typify the man—practical, helpful in the cause of humanity.—*Milford Journal*.

A building is to be erected as a memorial to the late George T. Angell, but the monument that will endure is seen in the fashion in which animals are treated today as contrasted with the way many of them were maltreated when Mr. Angell's campaign for mercy was young.—*Brockton Enterprise*.

The building movement will doubtless have warm approval of the people of Massachusetts, at whatever distance from the Hub. The Massachusetts society publishes a little monthly paper, full of things to make people think and to help to train children to be thoughtful of animals, and this movement is one of the recognized philanthropies of the times, working all over the country far more than is generally understood.—*Gazette and Courier, Greenfield*.

Such a building as this has been long needed, and would form a fitting memorial to the noble life work of Mr. Angell, as well as a valuable institution for the service of the cause. All parts of the country, and New England especially, would be benefited by the proposed Humane building, just as Mr. Angell's influence spread into many sections during his lifetime. It is probable that a hearty response from all parts of the land will follow the appeal of the committee for contributions and pledges.—*Springfield Union*.

From the State of Maine.

Now let the friends of the friend of all dumb beasts speak up. It is desired to make this memorial one which shall advance the purposes to which President Angell set his hand by establishing a home and headquarters for the continuance of the noble work which he organized. It is expected that generous contributions from every part of the world will be made toward this monument.—*Biddeford Journal*.

UNITED STATES SENATE,

Committee on Public Lands,

Cleveland H. Hicks, Clerk.

July 14, 1899.

Mr. Guy Richardson, Secretary.

Dear Sir: I enclose my check for \$5 as a contribution towards the Angell Memorial Building. My only regret is that I am unable to give more towards this most worthy enterprise. Your publication, *Our Dumb Animals*, accomplishes great good and serves as a great stimulant to humane work. I wish it could go to every home in the land.

Yours truly,

CLEVELAND H. HICKS.

THE BETTER TIME COMING.

Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter
We may be sleeping in the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
And heard its voice of living thunder,
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which (when thinking was a crime)
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffold's glory.
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,
Nor the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;
But the living lightning of their thought
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

GERALD MASSEY.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

NEUTRALIZATION AS A PEACE MEASURE.

The neutralizing of weaker peoples is one of the most practical and hopeful peace measures which can occupy the attention of the reformer.

Neutralization has been incidentally suggested as a mode of securing the Philippine Islands from the danger of foreign aggression; which has been alleged, with more or less sincerity, as a reason for refusing them the independence which they so urgently desire. Like Belgium and Switzerland, such a territory might become a pledge and assurance of the comity of nations, no longer jealous there of each other's predatory desires but banded together by a common sanction which need only be sufficiently extended to eliminate many, if not all, the provocations of war. It seems very pertinent to suggest some such course, with a final and clear delimitation of territory, for the Liberian republic, perhaps at the initiation of the United States, a nation whose alliances should never be entangling but wholly peaceful and peace-making. The United States would thus deny herself the possible temptation to undertake a protectorate, the suggestion of which may yet loom up in the imperial conceptions of these heady times.

No nation is so well situated to illustrate and reestablish the principles of neutralization as the United States. For the lack of some such initiation I am informed by the eminent peace leader, M. Frederick Bajer of Denmark, that the peace society of that country is confining its efforts to secure if possible a declared neutralization for herself by Denmark, an excellent step but lacking the ideal quality of the fraternal association of true neutralization. How inspiring it would be if the United States should blaze a way which might lead onward to a general neutralization of the lesser states, a crystallization into world peace,—the fundamental quality of the doctrine being that guaranteeing powers absolutely relinquish any claim to meddling in the internal policy of the guaranteed state, which is left free to develop according to its own national evolution.

Korea should have been neutralized, and the difficult problems awaiting settlement in Crete could be happily and peacefully solved by this general international agreement which should entirely supersede the form of a "protectorate," practically an indefinite ownership. Surely the world is sufficiently advanced so that individual humanities and missionary organizations and commercial reciprocity may exert their proper influence without an unworthy assumption of "sovereignty" which often hinders and does not help the true progress of the "wards."

ERVING WINSLOW.

No one can fail to see that the continuous and unswerving tendency of human development is towards peace and the love of mankind.

ELIHU ROOT.

IS CUBA PROGRESSING DOWNWARD?

Brutal and Degrading Sports Deplored as Leading the Republic to Barbarism.

The Secretary of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor in Cuba has recently sent a letter to American papers, asking them to insert a notice of the establishment of a bureau of information in Havana for the benefit of persons wishing data concerning Cuba, her resources, business opportunities, agricultural and industrial advantages, or any other information relative to the Island. This press notice is headed, "Progress in Cuba."

A correspondent of *Our Dumb Animals* also conducts an information bureau in Cuba. Before Gen. Gomez and the Cuban House of Representatives had legalized cockfighting in the Island, our correspondent wrote:

"The Humane Society cannot make any headway here since the provisional government of the United States has turned the Island over to Gen. Gomez. He is now leading this Island to barbarism, because cockfighting is going on all over the Island. Cockpits have been built, and we had three days last week of cockfighting without any action being taken by the mayor or any authority. In speaking about such a cruel and degrading pastime, I have been advised not to try to stop such a thing because my life would be at stake. 'You might be shot if you try to prevent it.'

"Bullfighting will no doubt be permitted here because, as the Havana newspapers say (reports of doings of the senate), the visitors from the United States will be glad to see next winter bullfights, and will pay us to have such entertainment!"

"Several people have said to me, 'Your business will be ruined because of the interest that you take in behalf of poor animals. Mind your business.' They wish to let the people here carry pigs tied so tight that they are unable to walk after the poor things have been untied.

"A contractor here has a lot of mules in most wretched condition from overwork, sore all over. I had the mayor of the town see one of them—nothing has been done!"

"You could do a great good to the cause by having facts published in American papers in regard to the lack of kindness to poor animals in Cuba."

Protest of President Stillman.

Dr. W. O. Stillman, president of the American Humane Association, has forwarded a letter of protest to President Gomez for legalizing cockfighting. In this Dr. Stillman well says:

"I trust that you will pardon me for venturing to inquire if your Government would not better conserve its own future and win the respect of the civilized world if it abolished pastimes of this description? Would it not be wise to discourage brutal sports, like cockfighting, which are commonly

regarded in Europe and America as relics of savage days and which have been barred from practice among the most advanced nations of the earth because they are considered degrading and brutalizing in their effect upon the character of a nation?"

"Your gallant sons shed their blood for liberty in the land of their birth, and were aided to become successful in this movement through the efforts of the United States Government, which was prompted to interfere because of motives of 'humanity' and 'mercy.' I trust that you will pardon me if I very respectfully deplore to you that your people should celebrate your independence and the freedom purchased, at the cost of so much blood and suffering, by instituting a practice which was not tolerated during American control in Cuba and which is so generally discountenanced among civilized nations. Was it for the purpose of establishing such political ideals as this that the United States permitted her sons to die and expended her treasure?"

"I trust that you will pardon me for saying that it is a source of deep regret and sincere sorrow for many American and European friends of your Republic that the Cuban people should not have chosen a higher and nobler course, and compelled by law the observance of humane and refined practices among her populace rather than legalized such a degrading and ignoble amusement. Surely such practices will not elevate the character of a people or make them better citizens. Is a delight in cruel and bloody scenes calculated to make better fathers and mothers, or wiser and more moral statesmen, or to improve social conditions?"

"On behalf of the American people, who abhor and condemn practices of the description referred to, I earnestly hope that a movement will be started among the better class of the Cuban people to abolish all that is cruel and barbarous from the life and the legitimate sports of your country. Is it asking too much of your Excellency to request that you will lend your official and personal influence in favor of a reform in this direction? How can a nation, debased to the level of a national sport like cockfighting, hope to successfully solve the problems of a permanently free and independent popular government?"

Americans, you who have business interests and great influence in Cuba, you who will visit the Island next season and leave thousands of dollars there, what attitude are you going to take towards these disgraceful sports? Will not many of the 22,500 periodicals which receive *Our Dumb Animals* join us in giving publicity to these facts and help to create a sentiment that shall make Cuba free indeed—free from the curse of legalized cockfighting and similar barbarities?

WOE TO THE UNMERCIFUL.

The following parable, strikingly similar to that of the Good Samaritan, is of Coptic origin. It is translated from the German by Rev. B. Pick:

The Judgment of Christ on Cruelty.

"It happened that the Lord went forth from the city and walked with His disciples over the mountains, and they came to a mountain, and the road which led to it was steep. There they found a man with a sumpter-mule. But the animal had fallen, for the burden was too heavy, and he beat it, that it bled. And Jesus came to him and said, 'Man, why dost thou beat thy animal? Seest thou not that it is too weak for its burden, and knowest thou not that it suffers pain?' But the man answered and said, 'What is that to you? I can beat it as much as I please, since it is my property and I bought it for a good sum of money—ask those that are with Thee, for they know me and know thereof.' And some of the disciples said, 'Yea, Lord, it is as he says; we have seen how he bought it.' But the Lord said, 'Do you not notice how it bleeds, and hear you not how it laments and cries?' But they answered and said, 'Nay, Lord, we hear not

that it laments and cries.' And the Lord was sad, and exclaimed, 'Woe to you that ye hear not how it laments to the Creator in heaven and cries for mercy. But three times woe to him of whom it complains and cries in its distress.' And He came forth and touched the animal, and it arose and its wounds were healed. And Jesus said to the man, 'Now go on, and beat it no more, that you also may find mercy.'"

WHAT WAR REALLY IS.

War is hell.—SHERMAN.

War is the trade of barbarism.—NAPOLEON.

Ours is a damnable profession.—WELLINGTON.

War is an antiquated relic.—BISHOP HAMILTON.

There never has been, nor ever will be, a good war or a bad peace.—FRANKLIN.

War is an instrument entirely inefficient toward reducing wrong, and multiplies instead of indemnifying losses.—JEFFERSON.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.



"LIE STILL, DOC. WE ARE ONLY GOING TO VIVISECT YOU"

Courtesy of Life.

DOG RESCUES YOUNG BOY.

Big Newfoundland Acts as Life-Saver at Milton, Mass.

Six-year-old Daniel J. Fitzgerald, was rescued from drowning in Houghton's Pond, in the Blue Hill reservation by Major, a large Newfoundland dog belonging to Alexander Edmunds of Canton. The lad had come to the grove on the banks of the pond to gather wild flowers with a companion. All went well until the child took off his shoes and stockings and waded into the pond. He stepped into a hole and in a moment was floundering about helplessly.

Major was taking a stroll through the reservation and heard the cries of the boy struggling in the water. He plunged into the pond and after a short swim seized the boy's blouse and towed him to shallow water. Then dropping his burden the animal bounded to dry land and shook the water from his shaggy coat.

Major is about four years old. He has belonged to Mr. Edmunds since he was a pup. He is dumb, but his sense of hearing is acute and he is very affectionate.—*Boston Advertiser*, July 12.

A CANINE PARADISE.

Just now, when attention is centred on the pet dog's welfare and how he shall travel, whether in hateful baggage cars or in the Pullman, it is pleasant to know how different it all is for the canines of society in Europe. For it seems, having had cemeteries and hospitals founded for them, French dogs have been given a convent. This is an old cloister of the Salesian Friars, situated in Rueil, which has been acquired by a number of dog lovers, who intend to turn it into a canine paradise. The convent is a spacious building, with large refectory, library and recreation hall, not to mention the chapel.

These apartments will be used as surgical, medical and dressing rooms and infirmaries for exceptionally invalid pensioners, and the beautiful gardens, where the prayerful friar took his daily exercise, will be left for the four-footed inmates to disport themselves in as well as age and infirmity will permit. The acquisition of this one-time convent, writes a Paris correspondent, has been celebrated by the Canine Relief Society, an organization akin to Boston's Animal Rescue League, already by a banquet, while the grand opening will take place Sept. 7. Heigho! hope the superannuated Lulus of Parisian high life will appreciate this conventual ending of their days. CHATTERER, in *Boston Herald*.

"The provision of suitable drinking places for dogs is not one solely for the work of any society, but one which should come up for the consideration of the authorities. The dogs make their mute appeal daily. Their owners pay the tax for the safeguarding of their animals' rights, and in return the authorities should provide a long felt want in this direction," said a prominent dog owner the other day.

HORSE SENSE.

There is a firm in Washington whose business requires the use of a large number of delivery wagons. In each wagon, on the back rest of the driver's seat, there are painted these words, "*Be good to your horse.*" Far from being maudlin, this sentiment deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Wise and humane at all times, it will, during the next two or three months, have a meaning more weighty than at any other season of the year.

This motto is hidden from the world, yet always faces the man to whom it appeals as he climbs into his seat and takes the reins in hand.

The strength of the little sentence lies in its moral character. An agent of the Humane Society can hold up a brutal driver, and a policeman can hale him before the courts. Such a course is likely to provoke a desire for revenge, and it is only too probable that this desire will be wreaked on the inoffensive animal under conditions of time and place known neither to the friend of the beast nor to the upholder of the law. But these few words will plead to the most heartless, and serve as a needed check to heedlessness or a passing fit of temper.

The automobile has doubtless come to stay, but the horse has not departed. On the hot asphalt, in the paddock, or down the last stretch on derby day he counts. And in every case the force of the injunction on the back of the delivery wagon seat will have its application.

The merciful man is merciful to his beast.—*Washington Post*.

DOG GAVE HINT TO STOP.

Speaking on "Domestic Surgery" at Rayleigh, Essex, Miss Violet Dering stopped when she saw her dog yawn. She explained that he invariably accompanied her to her meetings and yawned when he thought she had spoken enough.—*London Evening Standard*.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
BYRON.



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME.

Courtesy of Life and Health.

LADDIE.

Lowly the soul that waits
At the white, celestial gates,
A threshold soul to greet
Beloved feet.

Down the streets that are beams of sun
Cherubim children run;
They welcome it from the wall;
Their voices call.

But the Warder saith: "Nay, this
Is the City of Holy Bliss.
What claim canst thou make good
To angelhood?"

"Joy" answereth it from eyes,
That are amber ecstasies,
Listening, alert, elate,
Before the gate.

Oh, how the frolic feet
On lonely memory beat!
What rapture in a run
'Twixt snow and sun!

"Nay, brother of the sod,
What part hast thou in God?
What spirit art thou of?"
It answers: "Love."

Lifting its head, no less
Cajoling a caress,
Our winsome collie wraith,
Than in glad faith

The door will open wide,
Or kind voice bid: "Abide,
A threshold soul to greet
The longed-for feet."

Ah, Keeper of the Portal,
If Love be not immortal,
If Joy be not divine,
What prayer is mine?

KATHARINE LEE BATES,
in *Good Housekeeping*.

"DON'T FORGET THE PETS."

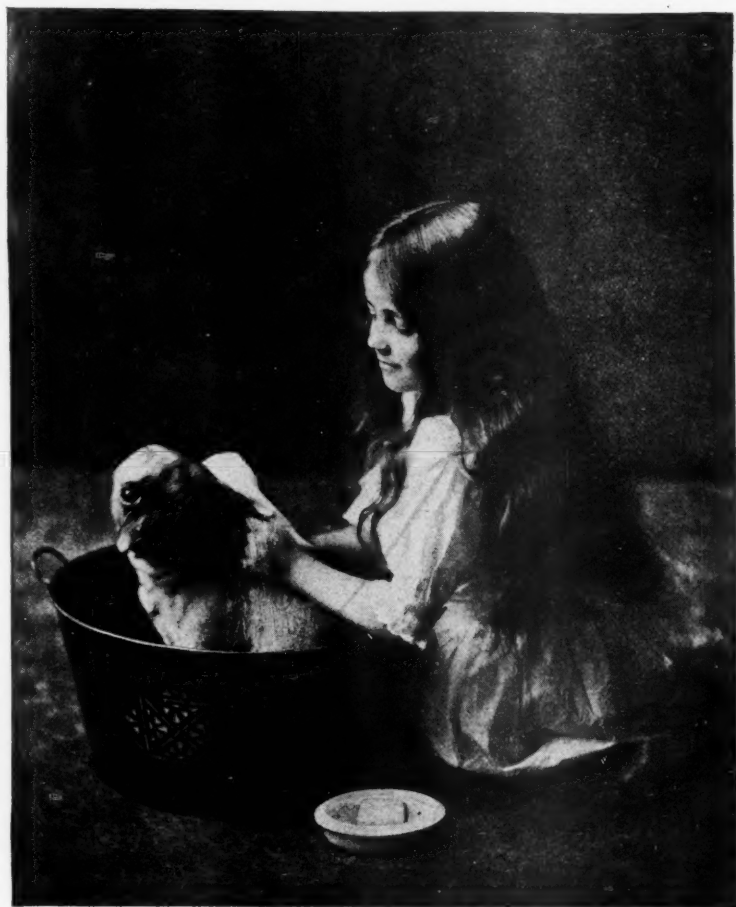
Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, the well-known writer and frequent contributor to these columns, kindly calls our attention to a cartoon with the above title, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Cleveland Leader*. The scene is the porch of a city house. The family are all off for their vacation, leaving behind a dog and a cat which crouch dejectedly upon the doorstep. Under the picture are these words:

The Dog: "Well, I see our finish."
The Cat: "It's up to us to find another boarding house."

The cartoon is the work of R. H. Brinkerhoff. Mrs. Bolton writes: "How Mr. Angell rejoiced when the artists and newspapers remembered the animals."

In this connection it is timely to observe that probably never before has so much matter appeared in the press of this country in the interests of dumb animals as during the present summer. Surely Mr. Angell's life yet speaketh in a thousand tongues.

Remember that water is the first great need of every animal during the summer months.



OH, HOW BOBBY DISLIKED A BATH!

AN UNDESIRABLE JOB.

The city dog-catchers are reported to be having a hard time of it and many desert the job after the first day. In spite of bylaws and letters in the papers attacking the dog, there is no getting away from the fact that the dog has "hosts of friends," and that a dog-catcher in the public eye is mighty close to a hangman. — *Ridgetown (Ont.) Dominion.*

Here seems to be one of the few city jobs which have few aspirants. Even aside from the nature of the work the fact is stranger still when it is known that the less the incumbent does, the more friends he makes.

HATS IN THE BAGGAGE CAR.

As we glanced at the above heading we thought the first word must have been misprinted. Knowing the growing tendency on the part of railroads to relegate the personal property of many of their patrons to the baggage car we were curious to learn if any new ordinance had been promulgated. We were somewhat relieved upon reading the following notice, which is one of the Swiss railway regulations, as taken from the *New York Sun*:

"Ladies' hats more than 31½ inches in diameter will, according to Article 117 of the railway tariff, henceforth be regarded as wheels. Any lady wearing a hat of larger dimensions, who desires to travel by a Swiss passenger train, must either ride in the luggage van or deposit her hat with the luggage guard and enter the passengers' carriage bareheaded."

It is said that all dogs in Peru have the Peruvian bark.—*Chicago News.*

PETS TO LIE IN PUBLIC PARK.

Philadelphia Receives Animal Cemetery of the Late Robert Waln Ryerss.

The city of Philadelphia will soon open up a public park than which, it is said, there will be none finer in the world. The park was formerly the estate of Robert Waln Ryerss, a distinguished lawyer of that city and descendant of William Penn. This eminent man was an extensive traveler and a lifelong student of the arts and sciences. When the beautiful mansion which adorns the highest portion of the park is opened, it is expected that the art collection which will be shown will be unequalled anywhere else in the world. Ryerss was also noted for his philanthropy but most especially as being the friend of dumb animals.

Upon his estate, which will soon be known as Burholme Park, there is a private animal cemetery wherein lie the pets and dumb servants which once belonged to him. When they died decent burials were given them and their graves were marked by marble headstones with names and dates inscribed thereon.

Other distinctive features of this park are thus described in the *Northeast Banner*:

"The dog house and stables which were once so much enjoyed by these departed pets, are still in evidence, in good repair, and also included in the gift to the city. They will be thus kept in good condition as will also be the graves of their respective occupants, to conform with the request of the donor.

"Could any act of man be more worthy of notice? Unlike thousands of men, Ryerss saw and realized the helplessness of the poor dumb brute, and who shall say that he is not now enjoying the full fruits of the magnanimity and love he expressed in their behalf?"

EXEMPLARY NICK.

Here lies poor Nick, an honest creature,
Of faithful, gentle, courteous nature;
A parlor pet unspoiled by favor,
A pattern of good dog behavior.
Without a wish, without a dream,
Beyond his home and friends at Cheam,
Contentedly through life he trotted
Along the path that fate allotted;
Till Time, his aged body wearing,
Bereaved him of his sight and hearing,
Then laid him down without a pain
To sleep, and never wake again.

SYDNEY SMITH.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

I knew a woman who kept about thirteen cats, all half-starved. If she had lived in the city they would have died of starvation, but being in the country they caught occasional game. This woman kept a whip hanging on her kitchen wall and whipped them soundly whenever they ventured in the house wherein savory odors attracted them.

One day, being tired of a too persistent kitten which had not reached the half-dead state most of them were in, she rid herself of it and soon after was telling a neighbor about it. "I jist whipped it and whipped it until I knowed 't would die and then stuffed it in a dirt hole." The astounded and disgusted neighbor said, "Why didn't you kill it to stop its suffering, or have some one of your sons shoot it?" "Oh," rejoined the other, "I couldn't done that—I don't b'lieve in killin' things—'taint accordin' to my belief." And yet she fully expects to go to heaven. She had allowed her boys in the past to tie cats to wagon wheels and then climb in the wagon and whip them without mercy, making believe they, too, were horses.

Is there anything the world needs so much as good mothers?

Another woman comes to mind who has all the advantages of city life, belongs to a church, and who has a really beautiful little girl. She was talking with a number of women one day when the conversation turned on cats. Several remarked how well they liked cats when this self-satisfied, smiling woman said she had tried to raise kittens several times but that her little girl choked and dragged them around so they always died. Upon one of us saying, "How horrible, can you not teach her different from that?" she only shrugged her plump shoulders and said, "Oh, sometimes I scold a little, but, then, I don't care." The child stood there listening—a spoiled darling, a mother of the future who will be as indifferent to suffering as her mother before her.

Why does the responsibility of motherhood rest so lightly on their shoulders and why are not more really interested in justice to animals?

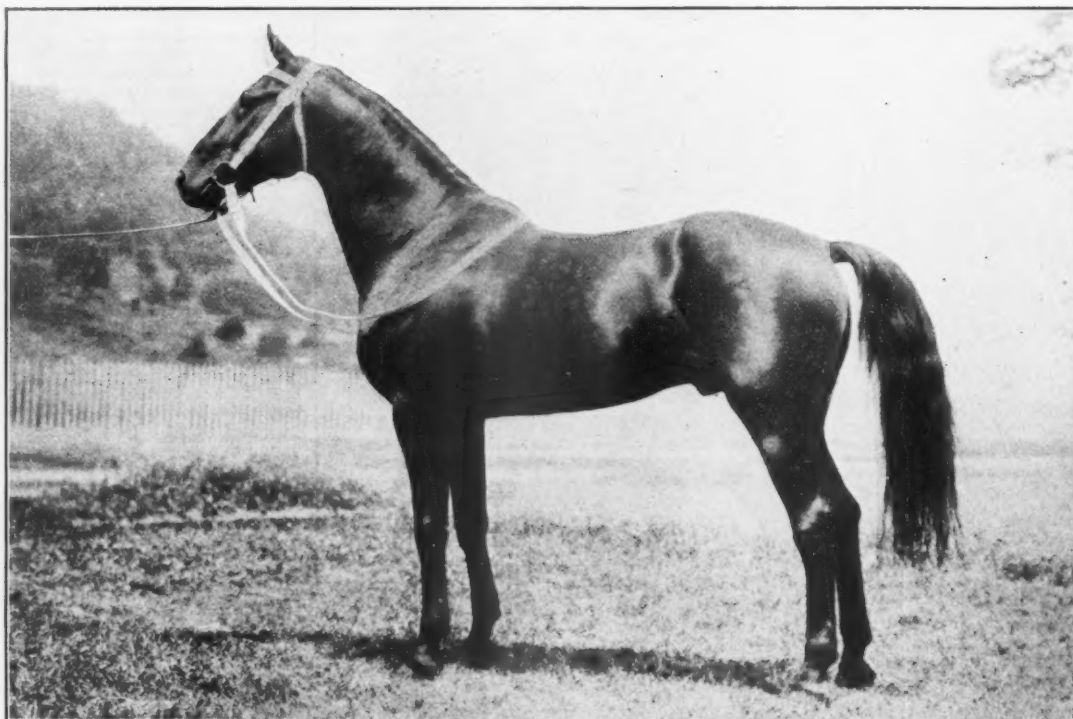
If every mother would train her children to be always kind and humane, in a short time the world might be reformed and we would have good men and women everywhere who could not be happy unless they were always just and considerate of the four-footed creation as well as of human beings. If all parents in the past had done their whole duty what a charming place this world would be!

Why are women so heartless?

When we see men abusing their poor faithful horses and other animals entrusted to them, we know how little their mothers cared about teaching them otherwise and realize how urgent is the need of good mothers.

A good person is one who is kind and just to everyone and everything and who tries to influence others to be so, and I care not what color that person may be or of what religion a follower or whether a follower of any, that person is good and is the world's greatest need today.

BLANCHE E. HAMMILL.
Sacramento, Cal.



Courtesy of The Horse World.

"EDWARD AUDUBON," SHERMAN PARK FARM, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A PATIENT SUFFERER.

"Why don't he come? He never treated me this way before. I am so thirsty and hungry! Why don't he come?"

'Twas only a gray pony which thus mused to itself as it stood tied in front of a nearby saloon in Cottonwood one day last week.

Hour after hour went by.

Higher and higher climbed the hot sun, lower and lower drooped the head of the patient little pony.

"It was only half past five when my master fed and watered me this morning and I was so proud when he saddled and bridled me, for this is the first time he has ridden me into town. He usually walks as we live so near."

"I know it must be dinner time. I am hungry and oh, so thirsty, and it is getting too warm here now.

"There is my master. At last he will care for me! Why, what does this mean? This is where people walk. My master never rode me up and down on a sidewalk before. What ails him, I wonder. He doesn't feel right in the saddle and his hand is unsteady on the rein. Can it be he is going to tie me here again? Please, master, give me feed and water, just a little water.

"He has gone in that building again. I can't understand why he stays in there so long."

Again the patient head sank low. From foot to foot the weight of the body was shifted and time crept on.

"There is my master again! I will not act as if I suffered. I will put up my head and pick up my ears to welcome him.

"Why, see! He has fallen. He is crawling up those steps to that place again. Is he sick? Poor master!

"I am so tired, so hungry and so thirsty. Why must I be punished like this? I have always been a patient, gentle horse. If I could only reach that trough by that pump right there perhaps there is water in it and yonder is a little green grass. How good it would taste! My mouth is so dry and the sun is hot and the saddle on my back makes me sweat."

The long afternoon wore away. Supper time came and went.

"What does this mean? This is not my master. Where am I being led? I don't think I want to go without my master.

"What is that I see? A pump and horses drinking? Hurry and take me there. Water—water at last! It is so good, so good!"

Burying its nose deep in the cool water the poor little animal, which had gone without food or water for nearly fourteen hours, drank its fill. In the livery barn it was fed and passed most of the night before its master came to take it away.

If the Great God heeds the fall of a sparrow, He noted the suffering of this poor dumb brute and will not let the cruelty of the owner go unpunished, for he is a Just God.—*Stanley County (S. D.) Register*.

FIRE HORSE'S REWARD.

Joe, Hoboken's oldest fire horse, who joined the department twenty-one years ago, two years before paid smoke eaters superseded volunteer firemen, has been promised a humane death, one sure shot, by the trustees of the firemen's pension fund, in whose care he will be placed by the board of fire commissioners. The twenty-eight-year-old Joe was recently ordered condemned on account of general debility incident to old age. Chief Engineer Dunn and many of the old-time firemen urged the commissioners not to dispose of the faithful old horse to a junkman or pedler at public auction, and the commissioners decided to turn him over to the custody of his friends for a nominal sum, which will be demanded just to make the transaction legal.

Joe has the reputation of being the "gentlest and knowiest" horse that ever ran to a Hoboken fire. He has hundreds of friends among the boys and girls, with whom he never tires of "shaking hands" when he has no public business to take up his time. He is still in active service as one of the department's two extra horses stationed on Grand street. He will go to his reward as soon as the fire commissioners buy his successor.—*New York Sun*.

NO DOCKED HORSES FOR HER.

Queen Alexandra Would not Accept Gift of Mutilated Animals.

One of the speakers at the Anti-Vivisection Congress at London last July told how Canadian women had presented Queen Alexandra with several long-maned, long-tailed horses, which prior to their despatch were docked by the veterinary surgeon. The Queen is opposed to the practice of docking, and the horses were returned to Canada. They were replaced at the veterinary's expense by undocked animals, thus closing an incident which the veterinary had turned from a pleasant into an unpleasant one.

Long live the Queen!

THE HORSE WILL STAY.

There's room for both the automobile and the horse, and although if the horse is skittish the automobile may crowd him into the ditch it isn't likely to crowd him to the wall. The old family nag will long maintain his supremacy in his own field. The human love for horse flesh can't be narcotized by mere machinery.—*The Hartford Times*.

HORSES IN LITERATURE.

In sacred writ it was deemed worthy of record that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, while the description of the war steed in Job is accounted one of the finest parts of that finest piece of literature. In Greek myth and English satire the qualities ascribed to Centaur and Houyhnhnm testify sufficiently to the high regard in which the horse has ever been held. The name of Bucephalus is inseparably coupled with that of Alexander. At least one Roman emperor had divine honors paid his charger. Who can picture Don Quixote sleeping on his armor without seeing the princely Rozinante tethered under the dewy night? And the stirring incidents of John Gilpin's ride conclusively proved that the racing blood of far-removed equine ancestors was not entirely wanting in the degenerate descendant.—*Washington Post*.

AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

As life wears on, one often fails to see the benefits which are the outcome of present drudgery. This fable shows that labor, though sometimes weary and monotonous, has its ultimate reward.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got—not reconciled to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin. "Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."

NOT AFRAID OF AUTOMOBILES.

About the only breed of horses which does not seem to fear the automobile is the Shetland pony. As to that, however, the Shetland takes fright at nothing, so different is he in his mental make-up from other horses. Give a well-broken Shetland to a child, and no trouble will be experienced through his becoming frightened at motor cars.

Children who drive Shetland ponies may now use the roads and parkways in comparative safety, so far as automobilists are concerned, provided they have been properly instructed as to the proper side of the road to keep on and the rules regarding turning out, turning corners, etc., which should be taught to every person who essays to drive a horse, grown people as well as children.—*The Horse World*.

A Humane Building, as a permanent memorial to George T. Angell, will plead continually for the cause for which he toiled incessantly.

CARE FOR THE HORSE.

The straw sunshade is an interesting token of the owner's interest in the horse and illustrates the care which many owners bestow on their horses, especially at the approach of warm weather. A little kindness and consideration not only benefits the horse but the driver as well. The practice of allowing a horse to stand for hours with a feed-bag tied to his nose; the carelessness which permits a horse to stand in the sun when he might just as well be left standing in the shade; the absence of a cool bath, which can be given with but little trouble—all these things denote the unthinking, unappreciative, or unjust driver. It would be well for all who have in charge the welfare of horses to give them more consideration, especially at this season of the year. The horse is dependent on our kindness for fair treatment, and food and shelter is not all we owe him.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

DUCKS DESTROY POTATO BUGS.

Joseph Junette, who operates a ranch near Alton, Ill., thinks he will quit farming and educate ducks to eat potato bugs. "A dollar a day a duck" will be his motto. Just now Mr. Junette is enjoying an income of \$15 a day from fifteen ducks, which he has trained to clear potato patches of the little spotted pests.

Junette tried them first on his own potato patch, which comprised several acres. The ducks went through the patch like a neighborhood scandal. After this Junette took care that his web-footed brigade did not acquire a taste for other diet so that they might continue to earn their wages.

The ducks are in great demand on the farms in Junette's neighborhood. Farmers are glad to pay \$1.50 an hour for the services of the brigade. Junette has in sight an income of \$90 a week from the fifteen ducks already employed.—*New York Herald*.

WILL REPORT STOCK LOSSES.

In the future the Forest Service at Washington will endeavor to obtain complete reports as to the causes of all losses of live stock upon the national forests. Forest guards and rangers have been instructed to keep a strict account of all live stock found dead in their districts, reporting to the Forester at the end of each month the number found and listing the causes of death as far as possible under one of four heads—accident, disease, poison, and wild animals.

It is believed that such a record will be of great value to stockmen in assisting them to figure up the percentage of their losses and materially aiding them in preventing some of the losses through corrective measures.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

NASHUA WORK-HORSE PARADE.

First Exhibition in New Hampshire in Charge of Woman's Humane Society.

The first Work-Horse Parade ever held in New Hampshire took place in Nashua, Independence Day, as one of the features of the day's celebration. It was successful beyond the highest anticipations of the promoters. Over one hundred teams were in line, consisting of four and two-horse hitches, single teams, ladies' and gentlemen's driving horses, letter carriers' rigs, and the most aged horses. It was in charge of the N. H. Woman's Humane Society.

Money was given as first prizes, large leather fly nets for second prizes. The aged horses received prizes of nice warm blankets, contributed by the children. The Crown Hill section of the city furnished prizes for the rural letter carriers' teams.

Every horse wore a handsome satin rosette of the colors of the Society, violet and gold. Several of the large teams were trimmed with the national colors, and flags were conspicuous everywhere. These teams were filled with children who added to the enthusiasm manifested all about the streets. It was truly an object lesson.

No horse wearing the overhead check, or galled or lame, was allowed in the parade. The oldest horse which won a prize was thirty-eight years of age.

The success of this first parade leads the Society to make it an annual affair. Prizes will be offered for all horses making the greatest improvement in their condition during the year.

MRS. M. JENNIE KENDALL,
President N. H. Woman's Humane Society.

San Francisco has formed a Work-Horse Parade Association, which will give its first parade, under the auspices of the S. P. C. A., on September ninth next.

COMPLACENCY.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,

Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

WALT WHITMAN.



Courtesy of The Photographic Times.

FAST FRIENDS.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Founded by GEO. T. ANGELL in 1868.

Boston, August, 1909.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary, 19 Milk St.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only, can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

Our *American Humane Education Society* sends this paper this month to the editors of the twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines published on this continent north of Mexico.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS" IN HOTELS.

We have sent out 250 bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* during the last month to various hotels throughout New England and other summer resorts, each bearing in gold letters these words: "Presented to the Public Parlor of this House."

We have on hand a few copies of Volume XLI, comprising the issues from June, 1908, to May, 1909, inclusive, bound in dark blue cloth with gold lettering, which we will send to any address for one dollar each, postpaid.

MR. ANGELL MOURNED ABROAD.

In the same mail recently, we received copies of two foreign publications containing long notices of the life and work of our late President. *Anwalt der Tiere*, a monthly published in Berlin, had on the first page of its June issue a reproduction of the *Traveler* cartoon, from our memorial number, "Soldier of Peace," and devoted thirteen pages to the story of Mr. Angell's life. *L'Ami des Animaux*, the organ of the Geneva Society for the Protection of Animals, contained an extended notice with a translation of Mrs. Ward's tribute and also a most appreciative editorial by J. Perinet.

THE COUNTRY FOR BOYS.

The Worcester philosopher, G. Stanley Hall, is quoted as saying that the ideal life for a boy is not in a city. "He should know of animals, rivers, plants, and that great out-of-door life that lays for him the foundation of his later years."

What memories this brings to those of us who were so fortunate as to be born and brought up in the country! Personally, we have never ceased to thank God that we were privileged to spend the first twenty years of our life among the hills and mountains. The pictures that we then studied are far more real to us than the canvases of the great masters which we have since enjoyed in the European museums.

The scent of new-mown hay is all very well in poetry, and it is a delight to the city vacationist, but tell us, reader—you who were brought up on a New Hampshire farm and who followed the rake with your bare feet, jumping every now and then as the new-cut stalks pierced your soles—what experience of your life would you exchange for those halcyon days?

PRACTICAL RELIGION.

The Church of the Intercession in New York City is not taking a vacation this summer, even though its members may be off to the country or seashore. The rector, Rev. Dr. Manning, has run a hose to the curb, where he has placed two big tubs for horses. Above the tubs is this sign:

DRIVERS

Are Invited to Use This Water.

Please Help Us to

KEEP GOOD ORDER.

The yard of the church is open to mothers to use as a park for their children. Signs are displayed inviting them to make free use of it. If Christ should come to New York, would He not tarry here with pleasure?

THEIR BLOOD NOT ON U. S.

During the months of April and May aigrettes valued at about \$1500, that had been smuggled into New York City from Brazil, were seized by customs officials. The problem as to the lawful course to take in disposing of them puzzled Collector Loeb, and the question was submitted to the Solicitor of the Treasury.

This authority decided that the government had no more right to sell the plumes at public auction than the private individual for whom such an act in the state of New York is a misdemeanor. The Solicitor held that the aigrettes had the same status as if the herons from which they had been taken had been produced in the state of New York, and accordingly he declared they must be destroyed.

Traffic in aigrettes will sometime cease. Perhaps it will not be until the last heron shall have been stripped of its plumage.

Sometime, we hope, the wearing of aigrettes on women's hats will be recognized as a shame for the cruelty that has been done and only stopped after it was too late.

DUMB MARTYRS OF SCIENCE.

That 88,634 experiments upon living animals took place in England during 1908, was the startling statement of Dr. Helen Bouchier, of Paris, at the International Anti-Vivisection and Animal Protection Congress, held in London last month. Dr. Herbert Shaw said that in 1907 there were 44,789 experiments on living animals in supposed reference to cancer. The publication of these facts throughout the civilized world may do as much to create an effective public sentiment against vivisection as the many speeches that were made upon the floor of the Congress denouncing the practice.

A MODEL FOUNTAIN.

The Ensign memorial fountain, at the corner of Broadway and Fourth street, Kansas City, Missouri, is probably one of the best patronized street fountains in the world. It was designed especially for horses, but is equipped with four small bowls at its base for dogs and other small animals. These lowly creatures, however, during the hours of heavy teaming, must keep a sharp look out and "step lively" to keep from being run over by the continuous stream of thirsty horses.

A record of this fountain's kind offices, taken by President Edwin R. Weeks of the Kansas City Humane Society, for the fourteen hours between 5 A. M. and 7 P. M., credits it with 1,625 visitations of mercy and good cheer as follows:

Horses and mules, - - -	1291
Dogs and birds, - - -	284
Men, women, and children, - -	48
Cats, - - - - -	1
Cows, - - - - -	1 1625

This record is published in *Our Dumb Animals* for comparison and in the hope that it may lead the humane societies of other cities to erect more fountains at points of heaviest traffic. The Kansas City Humane Society, as well as ourselves, would rejoice to hear that fountains in many other cities are doing more for the weary throbbing beasts of burden on their streets.

FOOLISH WAGER IN ST. LOUIS.

On July 16 the *Boston Daily Advertiser* contained this editorial:

What has the S. P. C. A. to say of the attempt to win a wager of \$1,000, made at St. Louis, that a horse thirty-two years old can draw a light buggy and two heavy men from St. Louis to the New York city hall and back again in 100 days. The start is to be made July 24—if no one interferes. Some one should.

Upon reading it, we immediately wrote to Secretary Holmes of the Humane Society of Missouri, asking if he would kindly write us by return mail if there were any truth in the statement, and, if so, what measures he was adopting to stop the idea from being carried out. We received this prompt reply:

THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF MISSOURI.

St. Louis, July 19, 1909.

My dear Mr. Richardson:

I have your communication of the 17th with the notice regarding the attempt to drive a horse thirty-two years old from St. Louis to New York. This is the first that I have heard of it. I don't know of any such wager being made. I have instructed my entire force to be on the alert in connection with it and to ascertain who would attempt such an outrage, and everything that this Society can do to prevent the carrying out of such a trip will certainly be done.

Thanking you for calling my attention to the matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

JNO. H. HOLMES,

Secretary.

We feel confident that either this report was wholly a "newspaper yarn," or, if such a wager were really made, the publicity given the matter served to prevent the disgraceful plan from being attempted.

THE OVERHEAD CHECK.

We regret to read of the cruelties practiced in the use of the overhead check, but it is refreshing to know that the newspapers sometimes speak out emphatically against this abuse. The following, taken from the *Saturday Sunset*, Vancouver, B. C., is plain talk which we are glad to republish:

"The man who will leave a horse tied on the street with the animal's head held in an unnatural and torturing angle by an overhead check, advertises himself as a cowardly cur or an ignorant ass. It is apparent that very few who employ the overhead check understand its use or its facility as an instrument of torture. I am not one of those who say the overhead check is absolutely without its uses, but observation on our streets is painfully convincing that very few understand its abuse or its capabilities for torture. It is nothing unusual to see horses, the finest drivers, owned by men who think they are some shucks as horsemen or fanciers, standing with their heads held till the muscles in the throats of the poor animals are almost bursting with the strain, while they vainly sway their heads in a pathetic effort to find relief. It would be a revelation to these same owners if they would try five minutes of that sort of strain on their own pinheads. I sometimes smile when I hear such owners reel off records, pedigrees, and other horse lore, imagining they are horsemen. They don't know the first principle of horsemanship, which is kindness and humane treatment. Any man who lacks that first essential is no horseman, but a cruel bully and a coward, because he tortures an animal which will not be revenged upon him."

WHO PAYS THE COST?

War play, known by the more dignified term of naval maneuvers, is scheduled to shake all eastern Massachusetts during the present month. Over 20,000 men from ships that cost over \$200,000,000 will shoot away over 3,000,000 dollars at imaginary foes. Another game goes on elsewhere, of tariff readjusting, that the nation's treasury deficit of \$80,000,000 may be wiped out. Peace, be still!



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, March, 1898.

HON. HENRY B. HILL, President pro tem.;
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;
EBEN. SHUTE, Assistant Treasurer;
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:
For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins,
Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.
For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson,
Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.
For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry,
Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—
James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas
Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine,
Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L.
Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all
at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred
unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities
and towns who render us more or less service.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling
Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges
for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable
to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the
Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that
of a police officer or Society agent.

FIRST AID TO THE HORSE.

"In the name of humanity, look after your
horses during the hot spell," is the advice of
Robert L. Dyson, agent for the M. S. P. C. A.
in Worcester, to the *Telegram* of that city.

During the last hot spell, Mr. Dyson sent
home twenty horses that were beginning to
show the effects of the heat, and asked the
drivers of three other animals to take their
horses to the barn and treat them with cold
water, in order to prevent the animals from
collapsing.

Mr. Dyson asks all drivers of horses during
the hot spells to be sure, at every opportunity,
to play a hose on the animals' feet and legs,
as there is nothing that will help the animals
so much.

Arrangements have been made with the
fire department so that the driver of any horse
may use the city's hose to wash his horse's
feet and legs.

"If drivers only would understand that a
horse is like a human being, in a good many
respects, there would be less trouble with
horses being overcome by the heat and suffer-
ing from prostration," said Mr. Dyson.

"During the hot spells I wish every driver
would stop at any of the fire houses and use
the hose there. Play on the feet and legs,
and the result will be of great benefit to the
horse.

"If a horse is overcome with the heat, the
first thing to do, of course, is to send for a
veterinary. Put ice water or an ice pack on the
head or, if there is no ice handy, let as
cold water as can be obtained, drop onto the
animal's head from a distance above the head,
and at the same time play water on the animal's
feet and body. This will start a re-
action and often prevent the horse from dying,
and will make the work of the veterinary
much easier."

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS WANTING IN THE EAST.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox Writes of Her Experiences in Constantinople and Tangier.

The Bungalow, Granite Bay, Conn.

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

I have seen two references in your excellent
journal, regarding the kindness of the Turks
of Constantinople to animals, especially dogs.

I spent some days in Constantinople three
years ago, and I failed to find conditions
which verify these statements. My heart was
continually wrung by the misery of these
pathetic, appealing animals, everywhere visible
in Constantinople.

My visit was made in winter, and the
weather was cold and rainy. The dogs are
the city scavengers, and are protected from
death; but that is oftentimes a questionable
kindness, to my thinking. Old, decrepit,
mangy, and miserable dogs were dragging
their poorly-fed bodies about the streets, and
every dog (like most of the citizens seen in
public places) was covered with filth.

The first sight that met my eyes as I rode
through a sleety rain from the custom house
to the hotel was a four-story layer of shivering
mud-covered dogs, huddled beside the drive-
way, one dog lying on the other in order to
keep warm. This sight was visible in every
nook and corner of the city. The dogs are
kept out of doors, and no shelter is provided
for them. I never saw a Turk reach out a
hand to touch or pet these love-craving ani-
mals; and nowhere else have I ever seen such
sorrow and pathos, in canine faces, as in
Constantinople.

Half-Starved Dogs Follow Carriages.

Every time I drove out, I purchased loaves
of bread and my one really happy memory of
the city was the feeding of the half-starved
creatures, who came to the carriage and
begged for attention from every stranger.
They are fed twice a day by the city; but
they are underfed in order to make them
diligent as scavengers.

It is contrary to Mohammedan religion to
kill an animal. So half-dead, mutilated,
blind, and sick dogs are everywhere to be
encountered.

To my idea, it would be a greater proof of
kindness to put these suffering creatures to a
painless death. The historic charm, the
artistic beauty, the wonderful architecture and
marvellous tombs of Constantinople, were

not sufficient recompense to me for the un-
happiness I endured in seeing these mud-
crusted, half-fed, unloved, and oftentimes sick
animals, everywhere filling the streets. In
summer their condition is doubtless less de-
plorable; but I must speak of facts as I saw
them. I hope that with other improvements,
now imminent in Turkey, Constantinople will
have a system of sewerage; and the dog will
be bred for a domestic pet, given proper food
and care, and affection, and a painless death
when disease and decrepitude make his life
a misery.

My last act in Constantinople was to toss
pieces of bread from the ship's deck to herds
of hungry dogs. Two loaves had been pro-
cured for the purpose, on our way to the dock.
But a hundred were needed.

Merciless Treatment of Horses.

Of the treatment of horses and donkeys in
Turkey, and in all oriental countries, it would
require a volume to relate the cruelty, mer-
cilessness, and lack of consideration.

In every country we visited, I made it a
practice to learn one sentence in the native
language. This sentence was, DO NOT
BEAT YOUR HORSES.

In Egypt, Turkey, Morocco, and Sicily, I
had continual use for this sentence, which
usually brought forth voluble, explanation
from the driver, to whom I could only respond
by repeating the original phrase.

The last sight I remember in Tangier
(which is built on a steep eminence, and
where no carriage of any kind can be used)
was a heavily-laden donkey straining up a
sharp declivity, and a brutal Moor beating
the animal while blood was trickling down
its sides and rump, under the mountain of
merchandise it bore.

If I had the money of Helen Gould, or
Carnegie or Rockefeller, nothing would deter
me from establishing a society for the pro-
tection of animals in Tangier, and keeping a
circle of patient, efficient workers there; until
I had changed the horrible conditions now
prevailing. It would require time and per-
severance, and a large sum of money; but it
would do far more toward evangelizing the
world than giving money to Chinese missions,
here or abroad.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

M. S. P. C. A. AGENTS ACTIVE.

The prosecuting agents of the Massachu-
setts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals, in their investigation of complaints
during the month, examined 4,396 animals,
took 106 horses from work, and humanely
killed 204 horses and other animals.

The Society received a bequest of \$100
from Mrs. Catherine S. Rogers of Milton; and
the American Humane Education Society a
gift of \$100 from "Mrs. C. T."

Boston, July 21, 1909.

MONKEYS WERE OVERWORKED.

There are many forms of cruelty to animals
and our agents do not confine their labors or
observations to any one kind.

In Worcester several organ grinders, who
have monkeys as the most attractive and
profitable part of their outfit, were observed
during the recent hot days to be working the
animals almost to the point of exhaustion.

Our agent at once interfered and through
the services of an Italian interpreter gave the
music grinders a reprimand that they will
not soon forget.

More care for the monkeys will henceforth
be exercised.

\$5,000 FOUNTAIN FOR WORCESTER.

Miss Harriet A. Burnside, who was a life
member of our Massachusetts Society, left
\$5,000 five years ago for a drinking fountain
for animals to be erected in Worcester. Al-
derman Jeppson, of that city, chairman of the
committee, is about to study fountains in Eu-
rope with a view to securing a design to be
adopted in Worcester. It is now proposed to
place the new fountain in Washington square.

STOPS SALE OF CHAMELEONS.

The American S. P. C. A. of New York
City has found that chameleons have been
handled in wholesale quantities by Louis
Ruhe, of 248 Grand street, and has warned
him that unless he discontinues his traffic
in these little animals, he will be prosecuted.
After several convictions of peddlers, the
court in Brooklyn declared that it would be
well for the Society to look after the whole-
saler. The Society hopes that now it has
put an end to this abuse, as the law of New
York is broad enough to prevent cruel treat-
ment of these lizards.

Our Massachusetts Society fortunately has
had no complaints along this line of late, as
several years ago we succeeded in stopping the
sale of chameleons in Boston.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, March, 1889.

The executive officers of the American Humane Education Society are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society P. C. A., printed on the preceding page.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office (in a large frame and conspicuous position) the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

NO CONTRIBUTION TOO SMALL.

One of the most interesting letters received about the Memorial Building comes from a man in Portland, Maine, who writes:

"I at once felt that I would like to have a part in contributing, if so small a sum as one dollar would be accepted. As I revere the name of Geo. T. Angell and have the deepest love for the work of the S. P. C. A., it is my desire to aid such if in my power. Wish I could give a thousand, but my heart goes with my mite if it can find a place."

We immediately wrote this good brother that anything from one cent to one million dollars would be acceptable. We would not refuse the million from one person, but we would much prefer to receive one dollar from each of a million persons.

To a Humanitarian.

What more fitting memorial could there be to honor the life and labors of the late George T. Angell than the erection of a building which will perpetually commemorate his great services to humanity. For in his indefatigable efforts towards the lessening of the burdens of dumb animals, Mr. Angell also served mankind as well. The society over which he presided and in whose interests he worked for so many years, although its purpose was the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, had no less a purpose in the education of man. It is only by the inculcation of the ways of mercy in human beings, and especially in the young, that we can be led to a proper understanding of our duties towards the helpless, and it was Mr. Angell's province to act as a teacher as well as a prosecutor. As editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, his influence was immeasurable.

Inasmuch as Mr. Angell had had in mind for many years the erection of such a building, its erection will make it a peculiarly appropriate and lasting memorial to the man and his great achievements.—*Boston Budget*.

IN AID OF CHILDREN'S WORK.

A very elaborate "Open-Air Bazaar" was held July 23 on the estate of Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, at Pride's Crossing, Mass., in the interests of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A handsome sum was realized from a large number of patrons among the summer residents of the North Shore. We are glad to report this successful effort to aid the Children's Society which is doing excellent work.

Rev. Z. Hiroi delivered a special sermon on George T. Angell at the Unitarian church in Tokyo, Japan, on the morning of July 4.

SUMMER'S HERE.

Beauteous nature, clad with verdure,
Rosy looks and smiles of cheer;
All is gladness, no more sadness,
All is joy since summer's here.
Summer lovely, skies above me
Sunny, bright, and dazzling clear;
Flowerets many, painted bonnie,
Deck our leas since summer's here.
Sweetly birds sing, making woods ring
With their gleesome songs so dear;
All the trees are thronged with wild bees,
Humming softly, summer's here.
Bonnie summer, every glimmer
Of thy bright face brings us cheer;
Happy dreams by rippling streamlets
Days of joy, since summer's here.
Summer days and sunny rays
Lighten hearts and quiet fear,
Earth rejoices, thousand voices
Tell the tidings, summer's here!

JOHN WATSON

NEED OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

Luther Burbank, the Californian naturalist, says that the wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping up over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. What a work is here outlined for our American Humane Education Society! If the principles of this splendid organization could be put in practice in every community, and every child enrolled as an active member of our Bands of Mercy, the next generation might be saved from so scathing an arraignment of its public morals.

DECLINE OF BULLFIGHTING.

A series of fatal accidents recently befell several popular Spanish bullfighters and it is believed that these tragedies will have much influence towards hastening the end of bullfighting in Spain.

While the fighter is successful and escapes injury he is a national idol, but the moment he is injured the fickle populace look upon him as incompetent, unskilful, and undeserving of pity. Resentment rather than regret arises, and the once national sport gets a setback.

A movement to establish a university of bullfighting was started not long ago, but this, too, has lost much support as a direct result of the many accidents that have occurred.

In many quarters the sport is regarded as a decadent art, a relic of barbarism which will soon entirely pass away.

WORKED TEAMS AT NIGHT.

One of the humane business men of Swampscott during the recent spell of terrifically hot weather, informed his men that they could take the afternoons off and work in the evening, when it would not be so hard upon them or upon the horses. Therefore while the sun was blazing down upon the poor subjects whose employers were not so thoughtful or kind-hearted, these men lay under the shady trees and kept as cool as possible under the circumstances.

After supper the teams were hitched up and the men worked until nearly 11 o'clock. The general verdict is that working by the light of the moon is far preferable to working by the light of the sun. If other men, whose business requires men and horses to be out during the heated part of the day, would take notice of this man's innovation and go and do likewise, they would add an additional leaf to their wreath of honor.—*Lynn (Mass.) News*, July 1.

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GOLD PRIZES AND DIPLOMAS.

Awards Offered by the American Humane Association for Deeds of Humanity.

The American Humane Association, of Albany, New York, offers prizes, open to universal competition, subject to these conditions:

First—Claims for prizes or diplomas shall be presented by mail, or in person, to the Secretary of the Association before September 15, each year.

Second—Applications must be in writing and accompanied by full statements of facts in case, with proof of merit and authenticity, supported by sworn and competent evidence covering the case.

Third—Essays presented in competition shall be signed only with a nom-de-plume and shall not exhibit the name of the author, which shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope accompanying the manuscript, and containing on the outside of the envelope the nom-de-plume and address of the writer.

Fourth—Wherever possible claims for medals or diplomas should be presented through the anti-cruelty society located nearest to the candidate.

The Henry Bergh Gold Medal.

One gold medal, offered annually, to be known as "THE HENRY BERGH ANIMAL PROTECTION GOLD MEDAL." This will be awarded to the person who shall be deemed to have most advanced the cause of animal protection, in either a general or special way, if a satisfactory candidate is presented.

The Stillman Gold Medal.

One gold medal, offered annually, to be known as "THE WILLIAM O. STILLMAN CHILD PROTECTION GOLD MEDAL," will be awarded to the person deemed most worthy, because of distinguished services to the cause of humanity, in promoting the protection or rescue of children from physical or moral degradation and suffering, if a satisfactory candidate is presented.

The White Gold Medal.

One gold medal, offered annually, to be known as "THE CAROLINE EARLE WHITE HUMANE EDUCATION GOLD MEDAL." This will be awarded to the person who shall be deemed to have most advanced the cause of HUMANE EDUCATION, either by writing or practical work, if a satisfactory candidate is presented.

The Moulton Gold Medal.

One gold medal is offered annually, to be known as "THE FRANCES A. MOULTON GOLD MEDAL," and will be awarded to the person who shall be deemed to have performed the greatest act of kindness to horses or dogs.

The Fiske Gold Medal.

One gold medal, offered annually, to be known as "THE MINNIE MADDERN FISKE HUMANE ESSAY GOLD MEDAL." This will be awarded to the person writing the best essay on any one of the following topics: "Live Stock on the Ranges: How Best to Reform Existing Abuses." "Humane Education; Its Value and Importance, and How it may best be Extended." "How the Interest on One Hundred Thousand Dollars Might Most Wisely be Expended in Order to Best Promote the Anti-Cruelty Cause." Essays are limited to not less than 1500 or more than 3000 words, and must be of a satisfactory quality to receive consideration.

Diplomas of Honor.

The American Humane Association will award "DIPLOMAS OF HONOR," to persons performing deeds of great humanity to either children or animals when deemed worthy of such recognition but only when claims for the same are presented strictly in accordance with the terms announced herewith.

The American Humane Association reserves the right to reject the claims of all candidates not deemed worthy of recognition but earnestly invites the presentation of applications in behalf of persons who are thoroughly deserving and meritorious, and who come within the terms and conditions specified in this announcement. All correspondence should be addressed to

NATHANIEL J. WALKER, Secretary,
The American Humane Association,
Albany, New York.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

STRAY.

Every house in Wissahickon Heights had been rented for the summer, which fact concerned no one so closely as it did the homeless cats of the neighborhood. To them it was of vital importance. Not a porch where one might curl one's self without dread of a disturbing, "Scat!" Not a garbage pail that might be rifled in peace!

Therefore it happened that the black cat, behind whose ears a scantiness of fur witnessed to generations of stray wanderers, chose for her haunt the house where the Child lived.

Now the Child was not permitted to encourage the visitor, though sometimes she begged a saucer of milk from the cook. But the Child watched the cat gravely and silently; and the cat as gravely and silently returned her regard. When the Child played alone on the veranda, which was quite often, the cat curled contentedly at her feet.

One morning the Child missed her friend; but when she opened the door of her little doll house on the lawn, behold the black cat lying beside two tiny black shapes with eyes yet unopened! Then the Child, who spoke seldom because she was so much alone, ran to call her mother.

"Mamma!" she cried wonderingly, "Oh, mamma! The black cat is a mother cat!" "Kittens!" the other returned impatiently, "I can't be bothered with kittens! They must be drowned."

But the Child wept bitterly, and begged so piteously to be allowed to keep the little family, offering all her dolls in exchange for the kittens, that her mother reluctantly consented.

"Oh, keep them for awhile then! You are going soon to the seashore for a month."

So the Child was comforted. However, when the time drew near for her to leave home, she was much concerned for the welfare of her new charges.

"Who is to take care of the cats, mamma?" she asked again and again.

"Oh, cats can forage for themselves!" the mother replied.

So the house was closed for a month; and when the Child returned, the grass had grown tall and weeds encroached upon the garden walk. The Child stood a moment peering between the iron bars of the gate, wondering and fearing as to the fate of her friends.

A sudden rush, and something black jumped the fence and walked slowly up the garden path between the tall grasses. The Child gave a cry of joy. Her cat had safely returned to her, and then, quite unexpectedly, out of the door of the doll house on the lawn, two tiny black heads, behind whose ears the scantiness of fur betrayed generations of impoverished blood, were slyly thrust.

The black kittens saw their mother, and ran down the walk to meet her, their tails in air. The old cat had brought nothing for them; but they were glad to see her coming back to them. They frisked about her, with the freshness of morning in their round eyes, which they turned full upon the approaching Child.

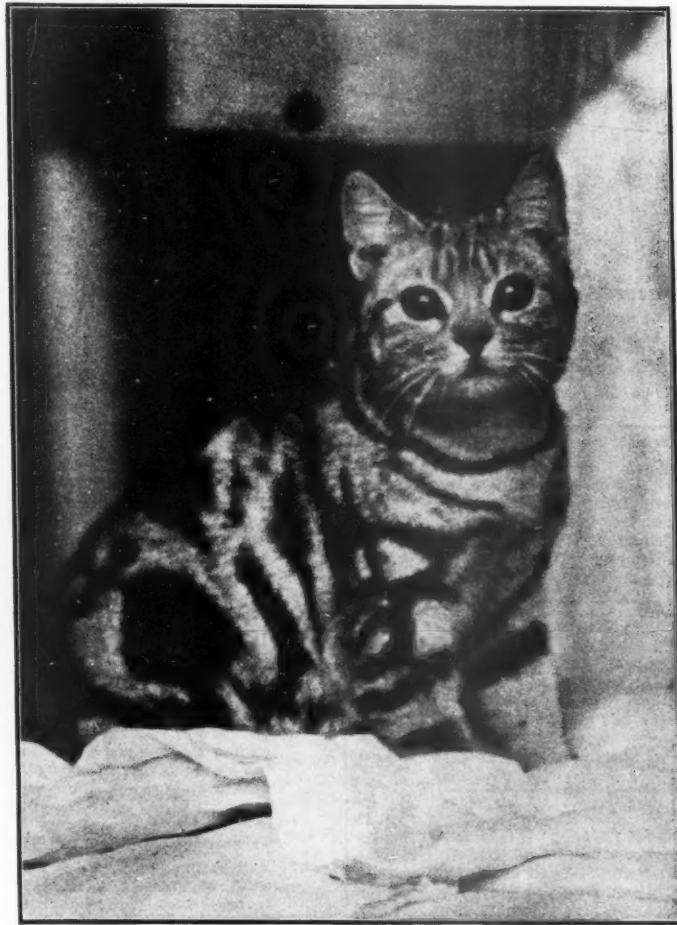
And the Child looked at the kittens—then long and earnestly gazed into the anxious face of the mother cat.

"Mamma," the Child said, and solemnly lifted her own round eyes, "some day the kittens will look just like that!"

JANE BELFIELD.

Eagles Mere, Pa.

The day of blind confidence is drawing to a close. People are beginning to think for themselves. Invalids want humane doctors, and an intelligent public, dissatisfied with drugging and surgical results, are investigating some more successful methods disconnected with and independent of animal serums and animal torment.—K. G., in *New York Herald*.



Courtesy of *The Cat Review*.

"GENESEE VALLEY JANE," OWNED BY MRS. ELIZABETH L. BRACE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE SIAMESE CAT.

The Siamese cat comes from the kingdom of Siam, where I first met him, and is of two classes: the common and the temple cat. The common or garden variety differs from the temple in the same manner as a thoroughbred differs from the mongrel, whether cat, horse, or dog. The temple cat is the outcome of long years of careful breeding and anxious care. He is jealously guarded by the bouzes (priests) of the temple, and enters in some way which I have never been able to discover into their religious rites and sacrificial offerings.

His exportation has been prohibited for many years, as he has always been in great demand among cat fanciers, and so many were carried off that the prices became fabulous, and the priests objected, as there was fear that the royal line might become extinct. Oh, yes, there is a royal line of cats, of which there were two in this country.

The pure Siamese temple cat is born pure white and at the age of two or three months shows markings of blue gray on tail, legs, and ears. As time passes these turn brown and at six months the face, tail, ears, and feet show a beautiful brown color, like young seal, while the body is as yet white with just enough color to warm it. The greater the age of the cat the deeper will be the color of the fur. The eyes are of a beautiful azure; blue in daylight, they glow like live coals at night.

I have had thirty at a time. I sent a pair to the exhibition at Liege, which were sold for six thousand francs. Five hundred dollars is not an excessive price for a pure specimen.

HAROLD BASSETT, in *The Cat Review*.

THE AUGUST CAT.

Pussy's Plea.

Oh, listen to my plaintive plea;
And may your hearts be touched thereat!
I am, as all the world can see,
A harmless, necessary cat.

The luggage now is in the hall,
Portmanteaus lie upon the mat;
Awaiting for the van to call—
And no one's thinking of the cat.

They're off, as off last year they went,
'Tis still within my memory pat,
How on their pleasure's plan intent
They overlooked their friend, the cat.

Till then, supplied with daily milk,
Well fed, well liking, sleek and fat,
My tabby coat, as smooth as silk,
I lived a glad, contented cat.

But on my own resources cast
My food as best I could, I gat,
And till the holidays were past
I prowled, a stray and starveling cat.

They'd left me plump, they found me thin,
Yea, wasted to a shadow flat,
A bag of bones incased in skin—
The ghostly semblance of a cat.

No single cup of milk to drink
For thirty days! Just think of that!
And pray your readers, all to think
Of what awaits the August cat.

Do not wait till the day you leave for your vacation before providing for the pets that you must leave behind.



Founders of American Band of Mercy:
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Office of Parent American Band of Mercy:
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.
A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures,
and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We are glad to report this month one hundred and eighteen new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-five thousand, one hundred and eighteen, with probably over two million members.

See last page for prices of Band of Mercy badges and other supplies, or send for free illustrated catalogue.

HUNDREDS OF NEW BANDS.

So many more hundreds of Bands of Mercy have been recorded than we have found space to print that we are obliged to give two pages to the list in this issue. There are over 500 more yet to be published, but we expect to be able to bring the list up to date by the opening of the new school year.

HOOSICK FALLS BOYS IN LINE.

Mrs. Julia M. Harvey of Hoosick Falls, N. Y., in a recent order for Band of Mercy buttons, writes: "We now have nearly thirty boys in our Band of Mercy, and hope soon to have every boy in the town which will mean several hundred."

ONTARIO CHILDREN INTERESTED.

Miss E. Case, a public school teacher in Thessalon, Ontario, writes to tell us of the cruelty practiced upon dogs and horses in that small lumbering town, and in the same letter sends the signatures of thirty-nine children to our Band of Mercy pledge. We wish every school teacher in Canada would follow Miss Case's fine example and get all the children interested in being actively kind to animals.

THE LITTLE BLUE BOYS.

(A fairy story for Band of Mercy readers.)

I.

Up in Cotton Factory Hollow,
Near the ruins of the mill,
I once heard a great commotion;
And I kept me very still,
Softly breathing, scarcely stirring;
Until, to my great surprise,
A noisy band of fairy-folks
Appeared before my eyes.

II.

Up and down the wall they clambered,
Peeking in each tiny nook.
"Playing hide-go-seek" I thought me;
Then, I took a sharper look,
And discovered they were finding
Tiny letters in the wall.
In a circle soon they gathered,
While one read aloud to all

III.

Many wishes which the birds brought
From the children of the town.
Some were good but some were selfish;
And such made the fairies frown.
"How can boys e'er be so cruel!"
Cried one pixy in dismay.
Then, contemptuously added,
"List to this, dear friends, I pray!"

IV.

"I wish I could shoot a robin;
"What a cruel boy is he!"
All the fairies cried in chorus.
"Now, my friends, don't you think we
Ought to teach that boy a lesson?
"Teach him maimed birds suffer pain;
"And that God made not His creatures
Thus to be for pastime slain?"

V.

"I'll become a little bluebird;
"When he shoots, then I will fall
"But, when in his bag he puts me,
"Softly then to you I'll call.
"To a wounded bird we'll change him,
"With the magic blue vervain.
"Thus through suffering we'll teach him
"To ne'er cause birds needless pain."

VI.

"A good plan!" cried all the fairies,
And, quick as a cat can wink its eye,
Two score pixies changed to blue birds
And soared high up in the sky.
They flew swiftly o'er the city;
But, soon back again they came,
Bringing their small prisoner with them;
And I heard them speak his name.

VII.

To the ruins they descended,
And to elves again changed they.
To the bird whose wing was broken,
Mockingly I heard them say,
"Little boy how do you like it
Now that you're the wounded bird?"
"O, I did not know it hurt so,"
Was the answer which I heard.

VIII.

"Now, that you have learned a lesson,
We will heal your broken wing;
"You may fly back home tomorrow
And a song to your folks sing."
"But, I'm 'fraid of little brother;
For an air-gun he has too.
"Can't I be a boy again please?
"O, dear me, what shall I do."

IX.

Cried the frightened little fellow,
But, the pixies laughed and danced;
Till, at last, one rich-robed fairy,
Much more kindly at him glanced.
"My heart aches for him," she murmured;
"Don't you see he's not to blame?"
"For, 'twas Santy brought the air gun,
"When last Christmas time he came."

X.

Said the queen of Old Dorp fairies
While she by the bird knelt down.
With her wand she lightly touched him;
Then, above him held her crown.
And though hardly true you'll think it,
A boy sprang up with a gun.
Hat in hand, he bowed politely,
Thanking her for what she'd done.

XI.

At her feet he placed his air-gun;
And, I heard him softly say,
"Never more will I shoot birdies!
"So, please throw this gun away."
Greatly pleased, then, were the fairies,
And around him danced with glee.
Till one said, "Come; we must go now,
But, we'll first set the boy free."

XII.

Soon I saw him stand alone there,
While the fairies skipped away.
He looked like Gainsborough's "Blue Boy;"
For, they'd changed his suit that day.
All his playmates gladly joined him,
And pledged ne'er to kill a bird.
Now they're called "the Band of Mercy
Little Blue Boys," so I've heard.

XIII.

If some day you'd like to join them,
And become a Blue Boy too,
Wear a star or bright blue ribbon,
Matching well the blue-bird's hue,
And a note write to the fairies
Who live near the old mill wall;
Tell them you have joined the boys' club
To protect the birds; that's all.

CORINNE ELOISE CAMPBELL.



MASTER ELBERT HUNT AND HIS PET,
A Springfield, Missouri, boy of whom his
teacher, Mrs. Julia A. H. Colby, writes:
"He brings his cat to school Friday after-
noons as that is our Band of Mercy day. The
cat is so large and the boy so small, that
it is about all he can manage, and sometimes
I help him carry it home."

TIMELY RESCUE OF A WAXWING.

Athol, Mass., June 28, 1909.

Dear Mr. Richardson:

I have been a much interested reader of
Our Dumb Animals and would like to con-
tribute this little anecdote.

Last night my mother and I were called to
look at a bird in the tree at the corner of our
house. It was hanging head downward from
a tiny branch farthest away from the house.
Every struggle seemed to entangle it further.
My mother suggested that by climbing out
upon the roof of the bay window one could
climb into the tree. A neighbor was called
and the experiment tried. He reached the
limb safely and pulled the twig to him.

The bird was a cedar waxwing which had
attempted to build a nest and in using a stout
thread had been caught by the leg. The man
brought the bird down. It was not hurt, but
it was a matter of several minutes to cut the
thread from the leg and foot. On being re-
lieved the bird flew straight to a big maple to
rest.

I know there are many cases like this which
have not the same ending.

Yours sincerely,

CLAIRE E. SMITH.

THE HEROES OF PEACE.

It takes much more courage in the every-
day work of life to live up to the high ideals
of life than it does in war, where the bands are
playing and the excitement of the hour carries
men on to the face of death. Many men face
the cannon's mouth because it is less danger-
ous than turning to run the other way. In
battle the great generals have told us there
is little personal courage exhibited. A regi-
ment has one or two daring men who press
forward and the others follow.

In the humdrum of life there is no band, no
cannon's roar, no one exhorting you to keep
straight ahead. You must do your duty with-
out the excitement which a battle brings.
You little boys and girls can become greater
heroes by doing your full duty in civil life
than you could by going to war because it is
harder to keep your courage day after day
without the excitement.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY? I answer: To teach and lead every child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will make some other human being or some dumb creature happier. GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy

74253 *Pawtucket, R. I.*
Cleveland St. School
Div. 3.
P., S. Maria Glasby.

74254 Div. 4.
P., Elizabeth A.
O'Brien.

74255 High St. School Bds.
Faithful Bds., Div. 1.
P., Bertha Wiggin.

74256 Div. 2.
P., Florence M.
Campbell.

74257 Div. 3.
P., Esther V. Lennon

74258 Div. 4.
P., Mary E. Steere.

74259 Div. 5.
P., Florence A. War-
ner.

74260 Div. 6.
P., Mariame McGunn

74261 *Howard, R. I.*
Socanossot School.
Kind Helpers.
Div. 1.
P., Ethel M. Camp-
bell.

74262 Div. 2.
P., Jennie J. Cham-
bers.

74263 Protectors of the
Helpless.
P., W. M. Coombs.

74264 Band of Hope.
P., M. L. Dawley.

74265 Loyal Protectors.
P., A. E. Pottle.

74266 Loyal Defenders.
P., E. F. Austin.

74267 Golden Rule.
P., Eliza G. Delaney

74268 *Dayton, Ohio.*
Kind Helpers.
P., Fred. Falk.

74269 *Briarcliff Manor,*
N. Y.
Junior Band.
P., Susan Sackett.

74270 *Terre Haute, Ind.*
The Ball Chapter Bd.
P., Richard Gillum.

74271 *Topsham, Maine.*
Primary School Bd.
P., Sargent Scribner.

74272 Intermediate School.
P., Miss Viola L.
Adell.

74273 *Clinton, Mass.*
Center School Bands.
Div. 1.
P., I. N. Jackson.

74274 Div. 2.
P., May Parsons.

74275 Div. 3.
P., M. P. McQuaid.

74276 Div. 4.
P., ———

74277 Div. 5.
P., Miss Carlisle.

74278 Div. 6.
P., Leonora Teasdale

74279 Div. 7.
P., H. A. O'Toole.

74280 Div. 8.
P., A. F. Carr.

74281 Winter Street School
Div. 1.
P., Delia Killeen.

74282 Rosa Bonheur.
P., Mary F. Tonry.

74283 Div. 3.
P., Mary Allis.

74284 Div. 4.
P., C. E. Heagney.

74285 Div. 5.
P., Nora Madden.

74286 Div. 6.
P., Bridget Padden.

74287 Chestnut St. School.
Div. 1.
P., A. A. Grady.

74288 Div. 2.
P., Nellie Paine.

74289 Div. 3.
P., V. C. Greene.

74290 Div. 4.
P., Bridget Hoban.

74291 Water Street School.
Div. 1.
P., A. G. Finnerty.

74292 Div. 2.
P., C. A. Clifford.

74293 Div. 3.
P., E. F. Grady.

74294 Div. 4.
P., J. T. McIntyre.

74295 Pleasant St. School.
Div. 1.
P., C. E. O'Toole.

74296 Div. 2.
P., Sara Reilly.

74297 Div. 3.
P., Elinor Sutherland

74298 Div. 4.
P., Gertrude Mc-
Intyre.

74299 High St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., J. M. Walsh.

74300 Div. 2.
P., Nellie Hoban.

74301 Francis of Assisi.
P., M. J. Tonry.

74302 Div. 4.
P., A. S. Arno.

74303 Flagg St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., Clare Coby.

74304 Div. 2.
P., C. L. Burke.

74305 Div. 3.
P., Miss Davis.

74306 Div. 4.
P., C. A. Burke.

74307 Cameron St. School
Div. 1.
P., Sarah C. Watson.

74308 Div. 2.
P., Margaret Smith.

74309 Main St. School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., Catherine W.
Larkin.

74310 Div. 2.
P., Rose Monahan.

74311 High School Bldg.
9th Grade Bands.
Div. 1.
P., A. E. Dame.

74312 Div. 2.
P., H. M. Walsh.

74313 Woodlawn St. Sch.
Div. 1.
P., C. M. O'Toole.

74314 Div. 2.
P., Blanch Finnerty.

74315 Berlin St. School.
Div. 1.
P., Martha A. O'Con-
nor.

74316 Div. 2.
P., Mary Fury.

74317 Franklin St. School.
P., Emma Gallagher

74318 Walnut St. School
P., Alice B. Mac-
Nab.

74319 *Pembroke, Ont., Can.*
Pembroke Public
School Band.
P., L. J. Beatty.

74320 *Dayton, Ohio.*
Edison District Sch.
Audubon Society.
P., Emma Theobald.

74321 Lookout.
P., Laura Roser.

74322 Golden Rule.
P., C. E. Zeidler.

74323 Little Helpers.
P., Bessie Weil.

74324 Helping Hand.
P., Olive Hentz.

74325 Kind Word Society.
P., Edith Hueffelman

74326 Edison.
P., Eunice Cox.

74327 Busy Bee.
P., Julia Meyers.

74328 Sunbeam.
P., Bessie De Priest.

74329 Willing Workers.
P., Edith Allarius.

74330 *Perry, S. C.*
The Corinth Band.
P., Miss Viola M.
Sharpe.

74331 *Farmers Valley, Pa.*
Keystone Band.
P., Miss Edna Fer-
man.

74332 *Worcester, Mass.*
L. T. L. Band.
P., Haig Gazoorian.

74333 American Temper-
ance Band.
P., Stephen Gazoor-
ian.

74334 Boys Band.
P., Mehran Koo-
batian.

74335 *Tacoma, Wash.*
L. T. L. Band.
Eva Husselbee.

74336 *Foxboro, Mass.*
Protectors of Dumb
Animals Band.
P., Llewellyn Jordan

74337 *Port Angeles, Wash.*
The Sunshine Band
P., Hattie M. Watson

74338 *McArthur, Ohio.*
McArthur Band.
P., Leonette Milhon.

74339 *N. Bellingham, Mass.*
The Sunshine Band.
P., Mr. Carlos Big-
wood.

74340 *Osakis, Minn.*
Sunbeam Band.
P., Miss Ida Renn.

74341 *No. Andover, Mass.*
Franklin Sch. Band.
P., Willie McKinnon

74342 *Oregon City, Oregon.*
Clarkes School Bd.
P., Mr. Robert Gin-
ther.

74343 *Independence, Mo.*
Englewood Saints.
P., Robert Bachelor.

74344 *Thessalon, Ont., Can.*
Thessalon Band.
P., David King.

74345 *Portage, Ohio.*
Sunbeam Band.
P., Robert Munn.

74346 *Dayton, Ohio.*
Little Helpers Bd.
P., Mary E. Anshutz.

74347 Allen School Band.
P., Glenna Farrer.

74348 *Elizabeth, N. J.*
Public School Bands.
No. 1 Band.
P., Mrs. E. B. Price.

74349 No. 2 Band.
P., Miss Mary L.
Thomson.

74350 No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. F. Gerard
Smith.

74351 No. 4 Band.
P., Miss Elaine M.
Shirrefs.

74352 No. 5 Band.
P., Miss Margaret
Morewood.

74353 No. 6 Band.
P., Mrs. George H.
Gibson.

74354 No. 7 Band.
P., Miss Elizabeth
Eakin.

74355 No. 8 Band.
P., Mrs. Jas. Calder.

74356 No. 9 Band.
P., Miss M. A. Barber.

74357 No. 10 Band.
P., Mrs. Edwin S.
PHELPS.

74358 *Worcester, Mass.*
Clover Leaf Band.
P., Hildur Petterson

74359 Mercy Band.
P., Marion Silvester.

74360 Lily Band.
P., Mildred Hopkins.

74361 Pansy Band.
P., Ethel Stevens.

74362 Violet Band.
P., Aurida Lacrox.

74363 Angell Band.
P., Marion Bartlett.

74364 Sunshine Band.
P., Mildred Steele.

74365 Trinity Boys Band.
P., Mattie North-
bridge.

74366 Columbia Band.
P., Harold Woodard

74367 *Freeport, Maine.*
Intermediate School.
P., Clayton Waite.

74368 Grove St. Primary
School Band.
P., Miss Elizabeth
Tuttle.

74369 Maplewood Avenue
Primary Sch. Bd.
P., Miss Emma C.
Sargent.

74370 *Terre Haute, Ind.*
W. G. Rea Chapter.
P., Miss Orle Reese.

74371 *Yarmouth, Maine.*
Falls Primary School
P., Miss Eugenie L.
Soule.

74372 East Primary School
P., M. Louise Good-
ing.

74373 Yarmouth Grammar
School Bands.
Class A.
P., Bertha Welch.

74374 Class B.
P., Lida Webb.

74375 Class C.
P., Ruth Jordan.

74376 Class D.
P., Edwin Mayberry

74377 *Freeport, Maine.*
South Freeport Pri-
mary School Bd.
P., Miss Hattie M.
Weston.

74378 Grammar School Bd.
P., Alice Dwyer.

74379 *Johnstown, Ohio.*
Johnstown Band.
P., Miss Joy Kasson.

74380 *Medford, Mass.*
Franklin No. 6 Mercy
Dept. Band.
P., Miss O. E. Granger

74381 *South Framingham,*
Mass.
Normal School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., Antoinette Roof.

74382 Div. 2.
P., S. M. Emerson.

74383 Div. 3.
P., A. M. Rouchefort.

74384 Div. 4.
P., L. G. Ramsdell.

74385 Div. 5.
P., N. A. Dale.

74386 Div. 6.
P., G. K. Pratt.

74387 Div. 7.
P., A. V. Winslow.

74388 Div. 8.
P., F. M. Katelle.

74389 Div. 9.
P., E. Malloy.

74390 Div. 10.
P., M. A. Doolittle.

74391 Lincoln School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., M. J. Shannon.

74392 Div. 2.
P., J. P. Hunt.

74393 Div. 3.
P., M. A. Furber.

74394 Div. 4.
P., A. M. Dalton.

74395 Div. 5.
P., C. E. Warfield.

74396 Div. 6.
P., S. M. Everett.

74397 Div. 7.
P., I. M. Neary.

74398 Div. 8.
P., L. R. Hemenway

74399 Div. 9.
P., E. M. Hastings.

74400 Div. 10.
P., E. A. Cunningham

74401 Div. 11.
P., L. R. Hardy.

74402 Franklin School Bds.
Div. 1.
P., A. M. Murphy.

74403 Div. 2.
P., H. M. Joyce.

74404 Div. 3.
P., M. A. Milleken.

74405 Div. 4.
P., M. W. Foley.

74406 Div. 5.
P., M. G. Heald.

74407 Div. 6.
P., M. J. Brophy.

74408 Div. 7.
P., A. M. Beer.

74409 Div. 8.
P., A. I. Stratton.

74410 Div. 9.
P., S. H. Lee.

74411 Lawrence St. School.
Div. 1.
P., H. B. Grover.

74412 Div. 2.
P., I. E. Foley.

74413 Div. 3.
P., A. M. Nichols.

74414 Div. 4.
P., B. M. Harrington

74415 Washington School.
Div. 1.
P., H. M. Hills.

74416 Div. 2.
P., E. L. Bridges.

74417 Div. 3.
P., M. E. Middleton.

74418 Div. 4.
P., Clara Davis.

74419 Hollis Street School.
Div. 1.
P., F. O'Connor.

74420 Div. 2.
P., E. E. Schnapp.

74421 Div. 3.
P., M. L. Doyle.

74422 Div. 4.
P., M. A. Shaw.

- 74423 Coburnville School.
Div. 1.
P., Miss C.T. Murphy
- 74424 Div. 2.
P., Marion Horne.
- 74425 Lockerville School.
Div. 1.
P., Miss M. L. McGrath.
- 74426 Div. 2.
P., E. M. Sullivan.
- 74427 Saxonville, Mass.
Div. 1.
P., R. H. Watts.
- 74428 Div. 2.
P., V. L. Chamberlain.
- 74429 Div. 3.
P., R. M. Brophy.
- 74430 Div. 4.
P., L. E. French.
- 74431 Div. 5.
P., G. S. Armsby.
- 74432 Div. 6.
P., M. E. Colburn.
- 74433 Div. 7.
P., L. A. Beck.
- 74434 Div. 8.
P., J. A. Slattery.
- 74435 Westboro, Mass.
Nobscot School Bds.
P., Miss R. L. Babcock.
- 74436 Braintree, Mass.
Monatiquot Sch. Bds.
Div. 1.
P., Mabel T. Hardy.
- 74437 Div. 2.
P., Ada G. MacDonald.
- 74438 East Braintree, Mass.
Jonas Perkins School
Div. 1.
P., Clara Rowley.
- 74439 Div. 2.
P., E. A. Lavalette.
- 74440 Div. 3.
P., N. E. Bolles.
- 74441 Div. 4.
P., J. E. O'Malley.
- 74442 Div. 5.
P., J. A. Holbrook.
- 74443 Div. 6.
P., S. B. Quimby.
- 74444 Div. 7.
P., L. A. Davis.
- 74445 Div. 8.
P., L. G. Chard.
- 74446 Div. 9.
P., G. H. Kelley.
- 74447 Div. 10.
P., M. L. Sumner.
- 74448 So. Braintree, Mass.
Noah Torrey School
Div. 1.
P., H. R. Williams.
- 74449 Div. 2.
P., M. E. C. Bannon.
- 74450 Div. 3.
P., J. B. Colbert.
- 74451 Div. 4.
P., V. L. Tarbox.
- 74452 Div. 5.
P., Villa Knight.
- 74453 Div. 6.
P., R. S. Bayley.
- 74454 Div. 7.
P., M. E. Corey.
- 74455 Div. 8.
P., S. I. Cutting.
- 74456 Div. 9.
P., H. A. Mansfield.
- 74457 Div. 10.
P., H. M. Hill.
- 74458 Dayton, Ohio.
Longfellow School.
The Star, 4th Grade.
P., Margaret Knerr.
- 74459 Wide Awake—3rd
A Grade.
P., Willard Brentlinger.
- 74460 Earnest Band.
3d B Grade.
P., Dorothy Boyd.
- 74461 Look About—2d
A Grade.
P., Aubrey Miller.
- 74462 Fearless—2d Grade.
P., Justine Hoover.
- 74463 Florence Nightingale
1st A Grade.
P., Edward Watterson.
- 74464 Excelsior—1st B
Grade.
P., Clara Leybold.
- 74465 Lohrville, Iowa.
Sunshine Band.
P., Emily Fickbohm.
- 74466 Worcester, Mass.
Prospect St. Band.
P., Paul Bagdikian.
- 74467 Osakis, Minn.
Osakis Band.
P., Miss Rachel Collin.
- 74468 Derry Village, N. H.
Quimby Band.
P., Raymond Sefton.
- 74469 Bradford, Mass.
Peabody Sch. Bradford
Dist. Band.
P., Mrs. Grace L. Wiggin.
- 74470 Williamsburg, Mass.
Nash St. School Bd.
P., Miss Susie D. Richards.
- 74471 Brantford, Ont., Can.
Brantford Band.
P., Miss A.M. Ritchie.
- 74472 Independence, Mo.
Ott School No. 6.
P., Miss Willa Gallagher.
- 74473 Ott School No. 4
P., Miss Jessamine A. Farrar.
- 74474 Dorchester, Mass.
Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Philippbena Troy.
- 74475 Fall River, Mass.
Slade School Class of
"09" Band.
P., Raymond Taylor.
- 74476 Gray, N. Y.
Loyal Band.
P., Lon Schleicher.
- 74477 Dayton, Ohio.
The Audubon Band
P., Mary Wells.
- 74478 Attleboro, Mass.
Washington Sch. Bd.
P., Norman Peasley.
- 74479 Banksville, N. Y.
Banksville Dist. Sch.
P., Bessie S. Lindeberg.
- 74480 Issaquah, Wash.
Jr. League.
P., Regina Anderson.
- 74481 Pawtucket, R. I.
Darlington School.
Children's Loyal
Neighbors.
P., Master Judson Smith.
- 74482 Auburn, Maine.
Webster Gram. Sch.
Band A.
P., Harold Bragdon.
- 74483 Band B.
P., Harold Swift.
- 74484 Band C.
P., Clifford Stevens.
- 74485 Band D.
P., Wilfred MacBurrie.
- 74486 Band E.
P., Georgia Ruthburn.
- 74487 Band F.
P., Albert Young.
- 74488 Band G.
P., Minnie Libby.
- 74489 Band H.
P., Charlie Doherty.
Bath, Maine.
- 74490 Winnegance School.
P., Chester Talbot.
Lewiston, Maine.
- 74491 Friends S. S. Primary
Class.
P., Hazel Hodgdon.
Braintree, Mass.
Union School.
- 74492 Div. 1.
P., A. A. Thayer.
- 74493 Div. 2.
P., Olive Carson.
- 74494 Div. 3.
P., H. C. Whelan.
- 74495 Div. 4.
P., M. L. Bates.
- 74496 Div. 5.
P., E. B. Pray.
Penniman School.
- 74497 Div. 1.
P., J. A. Farwell.
- 74498 Div. 2.
P., O. A. Conant.
- 74499 Div. 3.
P., H. C. Taylor.
- 74500 Div. 4.
P., M. T. Knight.
- 74501 Div. 5.
P., Blanche Baker.
Pittsfield, Mass.
Joseph Tucker Sch.
- 74502 Div. 1.
P., E. K. Manning.
- 74503 Div. 2.
P., E. L. Curtis.
- 74504 Div. 3.
P., F. A. McSweeney.
- 74505 Div. 4.
P., C. E. Eisner.
- 74506 Div. 5.
P., E. H. Flemming.
- 74507 Div. 6.
P., M. Flemming.
- 74508 Div. 7.
P., C. E. Devanny.
- 74509 Div. 8.
P., J. A. Bull.
- 74510 Div. 9.
P., A. F. Dillon.
- 74511 Div. 10.
P., M. E. Enright.
- 74512 Div. 11.
P., R. K. McKenna.
- 74513 Div. 12.
P., M. E. Conlin.
- 74514 Div. 13.
P., A. L. Solon.
- 74515 Div. 14.
P., E. F. Marsden.
- 74516 Div. 15.
P., A. M. Egan.
- 74517 Div. 16.
P., E. A. Joye.
- 74518 Div. 17.
P., L. M. Merry.
- 74519 Div. 18.
P., E. L. Solon.
William B. Rice Sch.
- 74520 Div. 1.
P., M. A. Parsons.
- 74521 Div. 2.
P., B. L. Fargo.
- 74522 Div. 3.
P., Florence O'Brien.
- 74523 Div. 4.
P., S. E. Reagan.
- 74524 Div. 5.
P., E. L. Davis.
- 74525 Div. 6.
P., E. L. Clark.
- 74526 Div. 7.
P., Ida Starkweather.
- 74527 Div. 8.
P., G. Peaslee.
- 74528 Div. 9.
P., Julia Egan.
- 74529 Div. 10.
P., F. B. Buntin.
- 74530 Div. 11.
P., H. M. Overton.
- 74531 Div. 12.
P., F. L. Boland.
- 74532 Div. 13.
P., E. F. Toohey.
Wm. M. Mercer Sch.
- 74533 Div. 1.
P., F. A. Kloseman.
- 74534 Div. 2.
P., M. E. McSweeney.
- 74535 Div. 3.
P., M. S. O'Kane.
- 74536 Div. 4.
P., K. L. MacGinnis.
- 74537 Div. 5.
P., E. A. Burns.
- 74538 Div. 6.
P., M. E. Bourne.
- 74539 Div. 7.
P., A. L. Hayes.
- 74540 Div. 8.
P., E. C. Clark.
- 74541 Div. 9.
P., M. F. Flaherty.
- 74542 Div. 10.
P., F. M. Carpenter.
Redfield School.
- 74543 Div. 1.
P., V. I. Sayles.
- 74544 Div. 2.
P., K. T. Behan.
- 74545 Div. 3.
P., E. P. Eddy.
- 74546 Div. 4.
P., A. B. Rees.
- 74547 Div. 5.
P., L. F. Nelligan.
- 74548 Div. 6.
P., H. D. Ainslie.
- 74549 Div. 7.
P., M. H. Bacon.
- 74550 Div. 8.
P., N. E. O'Neill.
- 74551 Div. 9.
P., F. E. Tate.
S. L. Russell School.
- 74552 Div. 1.
P., M. E. Reardon.
- 74553 Div. 2.
P., A. M. Reid.
- 74554 Div. 3.
P., S. A. Coyne.
- 74555 Div. 4.
P., M. L. O'Brien.
- 74556 Div. 5.
P., S. A. McMahon.
- 74557 Div. 6.
P., N. A. Collins.
- 74558 Div. 7.
P., S. I. Cross.
- 74559 Div. 8.
P., H. G. Curtin.
- 74560 Div. 9.
P., E. H. Wittan.
- 74561 Div. 10.
P., ———
Training School.
- 74562 Div. 1.
P., A. M. Holden.
- 74563 Div. 2.
P., M. E. Scully.
- 74564 Div. 3.
P., C. M. Francis.
- 74565 Div. 4.
P., N. Murphy.
- 74566 Div. 5.
P., G. Hoxie.
- 74567 Div. 6.
P., E. Van Vaikenburgh.
- 74568 Div. 7.
P., M. A. Toohey.
- 74569 Div. 8.
P., M. E. G. Miller.
Briggs School.
- 74570 Div. 1.
P., L. E. Stevens.
- 74571 Div. 2.
P., E. V. Reed.
- 74572 Div. 3.
P., E. J. Murphy.
- 74573 Div. 4.
P., N. M. Synan.
- 74574 Div. 5.
P., K. E. Corcoran.
- 74575 Div. 6.
P., M. A. Murphy.
- 74576 Div. 7.
P., M. A. Synan.
- 74577 Div. 8.
P., Rose Dunn.
F. F. Read School.
- 74578 Div. 1.
P., A. Edwards.
- 74579 Div. 2.
P., M. T. Kelly.
- 74580 Div. 3.
P., E. S. Canfield.
- 74581 Div. 4.
P., A. M. Mahon.
- 74582 Div. 5.
P., F. N. White.
- 74583 Div. 6.
P., I. R. Kusch.
- 74584 Div. 7.
P., C. E. Dorr.
H. L. Dawes School.
- 74585 Div. 1.
P., M. A. Denny.
- 74586 Div. 2.
P., N. E. Higgins.
- 74587 Div. 3.
P., M. A. Hathaway.
- 74588 Div. 4.
P., V. M. Couch.
- 74589 Div. 5.
P., J. F. Clemann.
- 74590 Div. 6.
P., S. L. Savery.
Center Gram. Sch.
- 74591 Div. 1.
P., M. A. Brennan.
- 74592 Div. 2.
P., M. G. Nugent.
- 74593 Div. 3.
P., A. V. Jordan.
- 74594 Div. 4.
P., M. L. Elmer.
- 74595 Div. 5.
P., M. A. Reilly.
- 74596 Div. 6.
P., M. E. Congan.
Centre Prim. Sch.
- 74597 Div. 1.
P., Rose Duffy.
- 74598 Div. 2.
P., J. C. Flaherty.
- 74599 Div. 3.
P., Anna T. Deane.
- 74600 Div. 4.
P., J. A. Austin.
- 74601 Div. 5.
P., G. L. Skinkle.
- 74602 Div. 6.
P., G. C. McSweeney.
Stearnsville School.
- 74603 Div. 1.
P., H. J. Jordan.
- 74604 Div. 2.
P., Nellie Walsh.
- 74605 Div. 3.
P., M. M. Eagen.
- 74606 Div. 4.
P., L. M. Goodrich.
- 74607 Div. 5.
P., S. J. Smith.
Pontosuc School.
- 74608 Div. 1.
P., R. A. Kendall.
- 74609 Div. 2.
P., A. L. Murphy.
- 74610 Div. 3.
P., M. L. Harney.
- 74611 Div. 4.
P., E. L. Rees.
Onota Street Sch.
- 74612 Div. 1.
P., Mary H. Middleton.

THE MUSIC OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.

(Reprinted, by special permission of the author, from her copyrighted volume, "Mugen.")

How oft in leafy days the echoing wood
Wakes to the thrush's rapture! To thy mood
Responds he in meet music. Dost thou bear
The mourner's heart? around thee floats the air
That wraps the vanished presence; blest thy lot.
Art toiling in the furrows? then forgot
The fierce noontide, the burden and the fretting,

If haply thou be letting
Thy soul forth to the minstrel, scarce aware
That music's voice is vanquisher of care.

Art thou a lover, hoarding in thy heart
Love's treasure unattained and set apart?
Nearer, thy chief desire; an ardent tone
Pleads thine unspoken hope, ere voiceless, lone,
Reigns Night amid her vast and solemn fields.
Now sweet content unto oblivion yields.
Now thy late fevered spirit calm reposes.

To melody uncloses
The sad heart of the world. To youth or age,
Unlearned or sage, song's heavenly heritage.

Whose apt discernment named the Hermit Thrush?
Aloft he lives, atop the brier and brush;
And in pure ecstasy repeateth long
His message, poet of a single song
Ay, of a line. But never isolate
From human need, nor yet beyond toil's gate,
While at thought's opening paradise he singeth!
Joy not of earth he bringeth,—
Kin melodist to that undying youth
Who proved that *Truth is beauty, beauty, truth.*

FANNY RUNNELLS POOLE.

SAVE THE SPARROWS.

Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton Protests Against Killing Them in Cleveland, Ohio.

"City Forester Boddy is wrong when he says that the sparrow is the means for the spread of insects and diseases among trees," Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, East Cleveland, protector of birds and other dumb animals, said Monday. Boddy is planning an extermination of the sparrow this summer.

"The sparrow has been a subject of discussion in almost every country at one time or another for twenty years," Mrs. Bolton continued. "England, France, and Germany repealed sparrow laws after a few years, on the advice of agricultural experts.

"In Boston the subject was discussed at great length ten years ago. It was concluded there that the sparrow is one of the worst enemies of insects and caterpillars.

"And it's a hard thing to do away with sparrows. If you try to poison them, you will kill many other birds. If you shoot them, you are using brutal methods. The sparrow is here to stay, I think, and he earns his board."—*Cleveland Leader*, July 12.

AN ORIOLE'S QUEER THEFT.

Mrs. John Holcomb of Douglas, Kansas, had just threaded the needle of her sewing machine from a new spool, when she was called from her work. On returning she could find no trace of the thread. A little later, while walking in the yard, she saw a long thread hanging from a tree. An oriole had flown in by the window, unthreaded the machine, unwound the 200 yards of thread, and was now busy weaving it into a nest.—*Boston Globe*.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

Wheat soaked in wood alcohol and spread over the roof of the house will effectually rid the place of birds.—*Popular Mechanics*.

And when that has been thus accomplished it will be time to get rid of the place, which can be done by applying the match.

The growth of altruism is already such as to make war seem a strange and horrible anachronism. But the signs of its cessation are not even now altogether wanting. How surely would the prevalence of humane education bring the era of peace!

MRS. MARY F. LOVELL.



SHELTER OF THE HORSE HAVEN OF THE CHICAGO ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY.

Mrs. Robert L. Gifford, one of the vice-presidents of the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society, presented us with several photographs of the Horse Haven which that Society opened only last month. This new enterprise consists of a field of twenty acres, fenced in for the use of horses temporarily disqualified for work, especially for horses whose owners are too poor to pay for such accommodations. Sheds and stables have been erected on the land, and veterinary service is supplied by the Society. The Haven, located in Beverly Hills at Ninetieth street, about six miles from the city, is in charge of Officer Weber of the Chicago police.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals* by DAISY E. M. F. CAMPBELL, Cambridge, Mass.)

BIRD STORE GOSSIP.

While strolling through a short street in Boston, my attention was attracted by noisy chattering in a small bird store. The excitement proved to be due to a convention of lady parrots, which the chairman, a beautiful Polly with green plumage and red and gold collar, was endeavoring to call to order. Rapping on the perch with her beak for attention, she stated the reason for calling the meeting. Her address was greeted with such prolonged applause that it was necessary once more to sound the beak-gavel.

Their object appeared to be the formation of a society for the promotion of free and unlimited speech by lady parrots.

"Who of us," said the chairman, "in the midst of a most intellectual discourse has not been compelled to desist by some unfeeling person, with the result that the beautiful thoughts which we were so eloquently expressing, perished before their utterance. It has been truly said of woman, and may well be applied to us, that 'in her silence she suffers,' but, my sisters, shall we continue to suffer in silence? No! no! a thousand times, no!"

The chorus of noisy and vigorous assent to this proclamation forced me to retire to a quiet corner to calm my nerves. The little twin marmosets with bright, beseeching eyes, here begged me to come nearer their cage, but at my approach, their courage failed and they simply gazed at me with wistful intentness. I inquired what they would like, and the smaller one ventured to say, in a timid voice,— "Do you happen to have any peanuts?"

My negative reply was such a disappointment to the little fellow that his bright eyes were clouded with tears as my attention was transferred to the rabbits contentedly munching carrots. Mother Bunnie was telling the small rabbits of the beautiful lady who used to visit her old home in the country, and who wore fourteen "carrots" on her finger.

"I never saw her when she was wearing them," said Mother Bunnie, "but it is true,

for I heard her telling another girl about it. That day she had on one of her fingers a round, bright thing with something shiny in the top."

"Just think," said baby Jack, "how lovely to have fourteen whole carrots at one time!"

Squeaks and squeals from the mouse-home brought me hurrying to the scene of commotion. Two frightened little black and white mice were scurrying around like runaway tops, and in reply to my inquiries, one of them halted long enough to say in quivering tones, "The cat! She looked cross at us."

Their next-door neighbor, Madam Gray, was a magnificent Persian cat. Instead, however, of presenting a ferocious aspect, she was the picture of sleek, purring complacency, and it was difficult to believe that this placid lady had a few minutes previous been making wicked eyes at her neighbors. But puss is an excellent actress, and no doubt was enjoying a laugh up her fluffy gray sleeve. In any event, it is believed that next time the little mice will not remain at very close range when her beautiful gooseberry green eyes begin to narrow.

A large cage full of canaries hung just above Madam Gray's house, and their sweet songs frequently excited her appetite to the point of frenzy. One young Hartz canary called to his cousin to listen to the new note he had just learned, and, enraptured with the flood of melody, my surroundings were forgotten until reminded of them by a squabble between the baby alligators and turtles. Allie said, tauntingly,— "You haven't as many teeth as we have," and the little turtle pertly replied,— "Of course we haven't. Our mouths are only one-tenth as big as yours. If we had so many teeth we'd have to wear 'em on the outside for a necklace."

Not wishing to be held as a witness should further hostilities ensue, I somewhat hastily took my departure, my parrot friends calling good-by from their corner of the room.



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THE LITTLE CARES THAT FRETTED ME.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees,
The foolish fears of what may happen
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

E. B. BROWNING.

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